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No. 881
Friday
22 September '95

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"I have to say, it infuriates me. Every Sunday."

The Sunday Telegraph
SERIOUSLY ENJOYABLE

Gnome

DESPITE the sneering of the chattering classes I find nothing amusing in the latest proposals of the Conservative Women's Forum.

They suggest a bold and imaginative new government measure called "the Fidelity Bonus". This would mean that men who had proved faithful in their marriages would be entitled to an extra allowance from the Inland Revenue when it came to paying their taxes.

There is nothing in this idea that is incompatible with traditional Conservative thinking and I and my colleagues in the party are unanimous in endorsing it.

Personally, I will be claiming a triple bonus from the Revenue. Not only have I been faithful to Lady Gnome for 30 years, I have also been faithful to my mistress Rita Chevrolet for 15 years and to Miss Marijuana Bondage from the Hanky-Spanky Agency ("Judges A Speciality") for at least three weeks.

E. Strobes
pp Lord Gnome
Conservative Central Office
London W1P LASH

"Some of them have Achilles Tendons this long"

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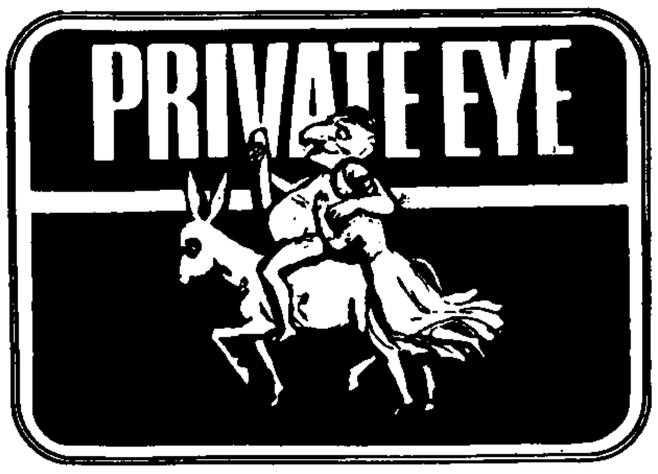

COLOUR SECTION

THERE is big money to be made from hit and run accidents, as the family of Tory MP Sir Nicholas Scott are discovering. To date Sir Nicholas and Lady Scott stand to make a profit of more than £50,000 from nearly killing a child.

Sir Nicholas left a Conservative party function in his Chelsea constituency one Friday night, and his erratic and emotional driving trapped a tiny French child. On seeing this Sir Nicholas did the decent thing: he ran away, leaving the scene of the accident while his agitated female companion began to harangue onlookers.

As the Tory party is the party of family values, witnesses told newspapers that the lady in question was Sir Nicholas's wife, Lady Scott. But it wasn't; it was his secretary. Still, Lady Scott has been standing by her cowardly husband and has hit on a money-making wheeze to ease the distress.

Instead of keeping quiet, lying low and hoping the saga won't spoil her husband's career, she has hot-footed it to Messrs Sue, Hit and Runne. Her lawyers have written to newspapers saying they had no right to assume that she, Lady Scott, was in the car with her husband on the night in question — and it was such a great slur on her reputation that only, er, money could make it better.

They demanded £100,000 from the *News of the World* but graciously accepted a cheque for £50,000. The *Daily* and *Sunday Mirror* were asked to hand over a cheque for £80,000. When they refused, Lady Scott's lawyers said they would take £25,000. The papers rejected this but have paid £12,500 into court. *The Observer* has rejected a demand for £25,000 but has paid £7,500 into court. Other papers are also in Lady Scott's sights.

"I AM very impressed with what the water companies have done," said John Gummer, environment secretary, in the *Daily Mail* on 12 August, revealing himself as the only person in the country with nothing but praise for the water companies during their shameful summer.

Gummer has a long memory and his honey-sweet words may have been referring back to the prompt action of Anglian Water in helping to fill the beautiful pond provided for the secretary of state at his Suffolk seat, Winston Grange, by the food combine Hillsdown Holdings.

The pond was not much use unless it was filled with water, and for this the mains supply to the Grange had to be redirected. A staff fitter was called out — at 1am, of all times — by the ever-accommodating Anglian Water. The time was chosen, apparently, in case anyone should notice the work being done. The fitter was then surprised to see a strange post-midnight ceremony at the pond, believed to be a "pond-christening party" sponsored by Hillsdown and featuring the eternally ebullient secretary of state.

THREE Yorkshire Water employees are still suffering health problems from a pollution incident at the Wheldale sewage works in Castleford in February of last year.

One of the three has launched legal action against a local company which is accused of allowing 100,000 gallons of an untreated toxic cocktail to enter the system.

The good news for Yorkshire Water's extremely popular and talented chairman Sir Gordon Jones is that the men, whose symptoms are similar to "Gulf War syndrome" do not blame Yorkshire Water for the incident. Not such good news for Sir Gordon is that they do blame the chemical firm of Hickson and Welch, whose chairman at the time of the incident was, er, Sir Gordon Jones.

LORD Marshall of Nuclear, former head of the Central Electricity Generating Board, declared himself astonished by the facts revealed over the Wylfa nuclear power station cock-up. But he will not have been surprised by the way the incident was hushed up for two years.

That was the policy he laid down five years ago as chairman of WANO, the World Association of Nuclear Operatives. He said every incident had to be reported to WANO "in the confidence that it will not be publicised"; and for WANO an "incident" was anything that might have significance for reactor safety.

WANO observes its own policy of discreet silence and is rarely heard of. Nuclear power was born in secrecy and continues to live that way.

WHAT experience has Sir David White to chair the new Coal Authority which will oversee the licensing and safety of privatised coal fields?

Well, Sir David is a former director of European Leisure, the disco operators, and European Leisure has just been convicted of "serious overcrowding" endangering public safety at Slap Harry's, a nightclub it runs in London's West End.

In best British private sector tradition, no member of staff has been disciplined for the incident, no director has resigned and the company claims it was an "unreasonable" prosecution. From a background like that perhaps Sir David is after all ideally suited to ensure the usual private sector levels of safety — ie next to none — in privatised pits.

THE development of alternatives to petrol and diesel has been given a big boost in the latest report of the transport working group of the Advisory Committee on Business and the Environment.

The committee is a "fat cat quango" that advises ministers on how to improve the environment. Nevertheless, two of the four pages of its report are devoted to a panegyric on alternative fuels — especially natural gas.

The chairman of the transport group is Cedric Brown, the chairman of British Gas who is widely known for his selfless devotion to the environment.

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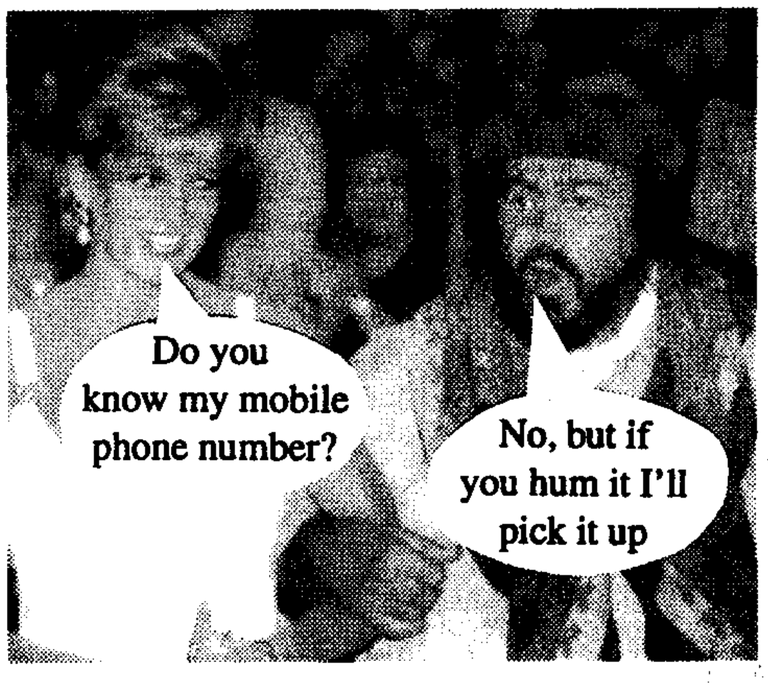


Street of Shame

DAILY *Express* hack Jonathan Cooper was given the unenviable task last week of writing a feature on the demise of Janet Street-Porter at the hands of Kelvin Mackenzie. His prose became ever more purple as he recorded in minute detail Kelvin's behaviour at the helm of the *Sun* — the bollockings, the sackings, the collective nervous breakdowns. No wonder, he concluded, Street-Porter didn't last long at the hands of MacFrenzy.

The piece was ready to go when Kelv's younger brother Craig Mackenzie — who happens to be the *Express*'s deputy editor — came bouncing over. "No, no, this is all bollocks," he roared. "I'm not having this shit in my paper."

Cooper pointed out that he could hardly write about Street-Porter's departure without mentioning Kelvin at all.

"OK," Craig graciously agreed. "If you want, I'll let you say me bruvver is ebulant [*sic*]."

HYSTERICAL laughter greeted news that the *Daily Mirror*'s deputy editor Brendon "Chucky" Parsons was trapped while holidaying on Antigua by Hurricane Luis.

The bullying Parsons filed such drivel — mainly concerning the heroism of holidaymaker Brendon Parsons — the paper was unable to use a word of it. Upon discovering this the indignant hack yelled insanely: "Then give it to the *Independent*!"

To universal dismay the *Mirror*'s travel editor was ordered to pull out all the stops to get the absurd hack on to a plane and back to safety. However, far greater danger faces him at Canary Wharf where ex-*News of the Screws* editor Piers Morgan is due to take over. As Hurricane Gormless he is expected to cut through the *Mirror*'s useless executives like a typhoon.

Meanwhile Chucky's protégée, libel-prone showbiz corr and micro-skirted ex-secretary Kate Thornton, continues to dazzle. Her latest "scoop" — that Liz Hurley's contract with Estée Lauder stipulated that she had to have a lip implant to give the "bee stung" look — attracted immediate writs the following day from both Hurley and the lipstick company.

Hence the new *Mirror* joke: "Knock, knock." "Who's there?" "Kate!"

"Kate who?" Pause... "That's showbusiness!"

"COLIN Powell is a black Eisenhower," Lord Rees-Mogg announces in the *Times*. "Like Eisenhower in 1951 he will defer announcing his candidature for the presidency until his chosen moment; like Eisenhower, he will win the Republican nomination... like Eisenhower, he will be elected by a large majority in 1996."

Before General Powell gets too excited by this sublimely confident forecast, he should be warned: Mystic Mogg's soothsaying ventures are not always 100 per cent accurate. "Although Mrs Thatcher's majority was not quite large enough to avoid a second ballot, the victory was clearly a decisive one," he informed *Indie* readers on 21 November 1990, after the first round of the Tory leadership contest.

Twenty-four hours later Mrs Thatcher resigned.

NO SOONER had Phil Hall been appointed editor of the *News of the Screws* than he received a congratulatory phone call from his erstwhile boss at the *Sunday Express*, Eve Pollard.

Milady Bollard suggested that her own brilliance as editor had somehow rubbed off on him, since she had spotted him early and nurtured his prodigious talents. "If it wasn't for me, my boy..." she boasted.

She overlooked one salient point. It was her own lunatic behaviour — and that of her sidekick Charles "Experienced" Golding — that drove Hall to resign as news editor of the *Sunday Express* in the first place.

AS gangs of forelock-tugging hacks and snappers jostled outside Slough grammar for the arrival of Prince William, the *Sun*'s Wayne Francis and Arfur Edwards got an urgent call from the office ordering them to Heathrow.

With much pushing and cursing they fled the scrum and sped to catch the 3.10 flight for Seville — with Arfur bleating that he'd be missing his own family holiday. The tip? The revolting Duke and Duchess of York were going abroad to attempt a reconciliation.

At Terminal Two, however, the flight was closed, and only after bullying and begging calls from the *Sun* were the pair allowed on board. Though booked into economy, the burly Edwards, suffering from asthma and laden with cameras, flopped into a first-class seat and saw a dull, middle-aged couple sitting nearby. "Oh fuck me," he yelled angrily. "It's not the fucking Yorks it's the fucking Gloucesters."

Cabin staff had to restrain the hacks forcibly from trying to leap off the plane before it took off. Instead they had to fly to Spain and catch the very next flight back — arriving too late for Prince William's extremely important second day photo-call for which he wore penguin suit fancy dress.

WHEN a young hack from a property trade paper was late for a meeting with a PR contact, he was desperate for a convincing excuse. As he cast his eye round the empty tube, his eye fell on an animal rights poster.

At the meeting the hack breezily gave his creative excuse: he had been in a tube carriage invaded by animal rights protesters who pushed the commuters and shouted: "Now you know what it feels like to be a veal." Imagine the hack's surprise when he opened his Saturday's *Telegraph* and there, in the Peterbore column, under a fetching cartoon of an angry commuter was his highly imaginative excuse.

"A gang of protesters, rings through their noses, jumped on board and began to chant: 'Now you know what it feels like to be a veal!' " said the paper. His ingenious lie had evidently been passed on for a few bob by a gullible PR merchant.

NIGEL DEMPSTER, still hanging on as *Mail* "diarist", has a peculiar interest in Sloaney TV presenter Sally Faber, 30, estranged wife of Tory MP David Faber and ex-lover of "Big" James Hewitt.

On 21 March Dumpster made the earth-shattering disclosure that Sally was "great fun at parties" while plugging her "new Anglia TV programme on the countryside". On 24 April he revealed that Sally was "settling into country life" at her new home in Wiltshire.

There was an update on 13 August: "Adventurous TV presenter Sally Faber has been granted a Jockey Club licence to ride in amateur Flat races" followed by a steady stream of references to her abilities in the saddle: three days later, on 16 August; then again on 22 August; and then again on 13 September.

No doubt there is a simple explanation for Dumpster's apparently insatiable interest in this obscure creature. But what is it?

FRIENDS of Nikki Chesworth, the *Daily Express* features editor who has trouble distinguishing Emile Zola from Zola Budd (see *Eye* 872), are worried for her future.

Last week she organised the serialisation of *Going For Broke*, an attempt to cash in on Nick Leeson by Judith Rawnsley, sister of *Observer* hack Andrew Rawnsley. Judith's claims of inside knowledge of the errant Singapore trader derive from a period she spent in distant Hong Kong for Barings in the early 1990s.

This mishmash of cuttings and tourist-guide details to Singapore cost the hard-up *Express* about £20,000. However, it was so pisspoor that editor Sir Nick Lloyd shoved it into the ghetto of "Money *Express*", whose readers are more used to advice about building society accounts than stories of high life among expat bankers.

And that brought it to the attention of *Express* chairman Lord Stevens, a former fund manager who always reads "Money *Express*". Stevens, who is notorious for his stinginess, immediately demanded to know why so much money had been spent to so little effect. So far, Ms Chesworth has failed to think of an answer.

UNVEILING the exciting new-look *Observer* last month, editor Andrew Jaspan proudly announced his recruitment of the obscure Scottish hack Kenneth Roy.

"Based in Ayrshire, he will be travelling Britain to ensure that you get the full picture and not just the View From London."

Readers in Ayrshire have been none too impressed by the results so far. In his first assignment for the paper, Roy described a journey he had taken... on a London bus. The following Sunday, out on his travels again, he wrote a long piece about Bow Street magistrates' court... in central London.

ANOTHER terrific scoop led the *Sunday Times* on 17 September. Bylined Tim Kelsey and David "Lockerbie" Leppard, it was "a new arms to Iraq scandal" in which government officials "were prepared to sacrifice four businessmen".

This turns out to be the Ordtech case, first reported in *Private Eye* 790 (27 March 1992) and covered in subsequent *Eye* articles on 25 September 1992, 2 January 1993, 12 March 1993, 10 September 1993, 17 December 1993, 24 February 1995 and, in some detail, in *Not Scott*, published by the *Eye* last autumn.

LOCKERBIE NEWS

MORE bad news for the crown office in Scotland, which still insists that the mass-murder bombing of a Pan-Am airliner over Lockerbie in 1988 was the work of two Libyans.

On 13 September ABC television broadcast a long programme in the United States about the forensic department of the FBI. At the centre of the programme was a memorandum from the former head explosives scientist at the FBI, Dr Frederic Whitehurst.

Whitehurst drew up a devastating indictment against a former colleague, Thomas Thurman, in a terrorist case in which a judge was killed by pipe bombs. According to Whitehurst: "Thurman circumvented established procedures and protocols in the assignment of evidence to examiners... testified to areas of expertise that he had no qualifications in, therefore fabricating evidence..."

Thomas Thurman was the FBI forensic investigator on the Lockerbie case who appeared on television on 15 November 1991, the day after indictments were issued against the two Libyan suspects, bragging that he was the man who had fitted a tiny piece of circuit board to a timing device which might have been sold to Libyans. This is the only hard evidence linking the Libyans to the crime. If it is false or fabricated, the whole case collapses and the government has been leading the bereaved Lockerbie families up the garden path for four years.

HALLO!

THE HEARTWARMING COLUMN

HALLO! MY WEALTHY chum Sheikh Zaid, president of the United Arab Emirates, has been having servant problems. He has bowed to "foreign pressure" and reopened the case of Sarah Balabagan, the teenage Filipina maid who stabbed her employer after he had raped her.

Sarah was sentenced by an Islamic court to seven years in prison. This interesting interpretation of Islamic law (which allows a woman to defend herself from rape, if necessary by killing the rapist) caused an outcry in the Philippines and elsewhere, and the sheikh sent the case back for retrial. Everyone assumed Sarah would go free, but this time she was sentenced to death.

Perhaps more "foreign pressure" will be applied to stop the execution. Perhaps Lady Thatcher will send her son Mark with a personal note to the sheikh (as she did to help Mark tout for business in 1980).

Or perhaps the former heritage minister David Mellor will take time off on one of his many gun-running expeditions to the Middle East to have a quiet word in the ear of his old friend and generous host. Surely David can remember that wonderful new year's holiday he spent while a foreign office minister with his wife and family on Sheikh Zaid's island palace. No expense was spared — and the hard-working female staff were almost all from the Philippines.

HALLO! IS THERE no end to the misfortune of Jason Donovan, celebrated popster who has become a definitely straight actor?

Jason spends just two weeks in one of the most obscure parts of Bali where no one recognises him and — what happens? A passing *News of the World* photographer walks along the beach! The cruel snapster steals pictures of Jason canoodling with a young woman. So powerful is the attraction of opposites that they are oblivious to the photographer's presence as she slips off her bikini to frolic topless in the surf with Jason alongside! To cap it all, the photos of them endlessly kissing and petting appear in the *News of the World* just days later.

The Marquesa is outraged as she recalls that this is not the first time that exactly the same thing has happened. In 1993 a *Screws* photographer just happened to be at the condom counter in Boots as Jason made a purchase. Last year, there was one behind a tree in Holland Park where Jason happened on another occasion to be smooching with a young lady.

What a disgrace! The Marquesa trusts Jason's solicitors will take swift steps to deter any future intrusions into their client's sexual privacy.

HALLO! *TO THE farewell soirée for the V&A's hugely popular director Elizabeth Esteve-Coll. Lots of patrons and sponsors and grand folk, but — curiously — no museum staff. Apparently they had their "do" at lunchtime with fizzy drinks as no alcohol is allowed before 5pm (an Esteve-Coll edict). Over chilled white whine (sic) we agree how difficult it is these days to find good, sober staff.*

HALLO! *TO Rutland, at the invitation of its MP Alan Duncan, in search of the elusive Rutland panther.*

Alan has generously donated £100 towards the building of a trap in which to catch this terrifying beast. As one local confides to me: "Must be the first time Alan's chased any kind of pussy." Whatever does that mean?

Andrew Neill and Princess Diana

HALLO! WHO on earth could have been vengeful enough to tip off the newspapers that Will Carling would be sneaking back into Kensington Palace just six days after his wife, Julia, had attacked the Princess of Wales in the press and made a public announcement that her hubby's friendship with Diana was over?

Whoever the extremely highly placed news manipulator was at Kensington Palace, she certainly made the England rugby captain look very foolish in front of the media and his wife. No one ever simply turns up at KP on the off chance Diana is at home. Even her late father, Earl Spencer, made an appointment. So Carling too must have had a rendezvous — but by the time his Range Rover purred past KP security Diana had already stood him up and left for the Royal Brompton Hospital.

All very odd.

HALLO! WE ARE appalled by the attitude of publisher Headline to *Splash!*, Eve Pollard's quite brilliant *roman à trois* (Lady Bollard "wrote" it with two other designer harpies).

Even though the talented trio had a three-book deal, Headline is trying to wriggle free of having to publish two more after its experience with *Splat!*

For half a nano-second the wretched "book" reached number five on the bestseller list, but the publishers spent so much money hyping it to those dizzy heights that Eve's *oeuvre* is now known, spitefully, as *Plop!*

11.10 Devil's Advocate. Darcus Howe returns as the devil's apricot, and his first guest is Claire Holder, chair of Notting Hill Carnival Ltd, *Independent 6.9.95*

HALLO! **WHAT is it about dear Virginia Bottomley that makes everyone hate her so much? Even the kindly yokels on the Isle of Wight where Ginny has a summer home at Seaview treat her approach as if it were that of Countess Dracula.**

Recently the heritage supremo was invited to open the island's annual garlic festival. Unfortunately the suggestion had normally somnolent locals threatening boycotts, marches and demos, so the invitation had to be withdrawn.

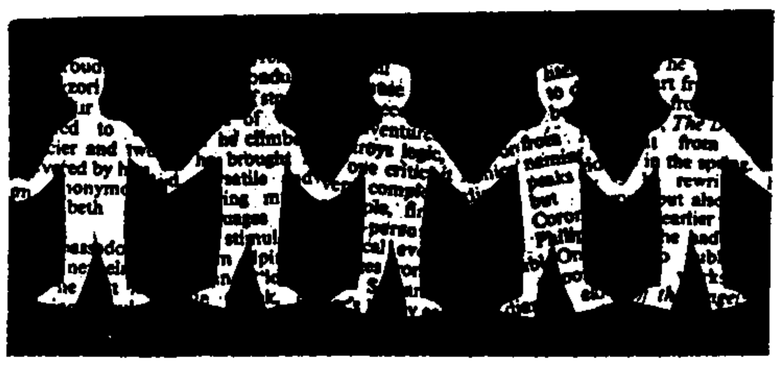
To save face Tory central office suggested the former health secretary could be invited in a personal capacity, thus still creating a charming photo-opportunity. But the garlic committee was adamant. Virginia, it was made clear, would be shot on sight.

John Aspinall and Taki

HALLO! *I JOIN my friend and fearless columnist Taki of the Sunday Times who wrote a splendid piece on 17 September attacking Canterbury council while defending his chum John Aspinall and his basic freedom to send keepers into the tiger cages at his zoo.*

My only quarrel with Taki is his description of the council as "Hitler". I do wish people would stop being so rude about Herr Hitler, who did after all get Germany back to work in the 1930s. And if John Aspinall thought Canterbury council was like Hitler, he wouldn't be half so cross with it!

'The Marquesa'



HOW THEY ARE RELATED

THE first issue of the daringly dull *Sunday Telegraph Magazine*, edited by Alexander Chancellor, included a long feature by one Alexander Waugh.

By an extraordinary coincidence, young Waugh is Chancellor's son-in-law. By an even more extraordinary coincidence, Waugh's sister, Daisy, is assistant editor of the new magazine.

IN THE same week the Express group announced redundancies of 15 per cent, Rachael Lloyd was given "casual" reporting work at the *Daily Depress*, edited by her daddy, Sir Nicholas Lloyd.

However, Rachael soon went over to *The People* (previously edited by her daddy, too), where she began "work experience" on a Monday and by Friday — hey presto! — was on staff as a feature writer.

It is very convenient for Rachael to be at Canary Wharf, for in the same building is Claudia Winkleman, a reporter for LIVETV and as daughter of the gracious Eve Pollard, none other than Sir Nicholas's step-daughter.

PETER STOTHARD, editor of the *Times*, has been understandably peeved to receive a reader's letter suggesting that he gives jobs to the children of famous parents. The reader was exercised by the bylines of Nigella Lawson (daughter of Nigel), Daniel Johnson (son of Paul) and Giles Coren (son of Alan).

"I note your comments about alleged nepotism at the *Times*," he writes. "In the current competitive newspaper market, however, no one can afford to appoint staff on the basis of their parentage, even if ever they could."

Absolutely.

WHO is advising Virginia "Wet" Bottomley in her new role as heritage secretary? Step forward John Bercow, the far right-winger previously employed as adviser to Jonathan Aitken at the treasury.

Bercow is a former Lambeth councillor and official of the Confederation of Conservative Students, the banned hardline Thatcherite youth movement. Mrs Bottomley's choice of the radical Bercow as special adviser will have been made after seeing all the good references that paint him as a paragon of virtue.

But did she seek a reference from Rowland Sallingsbury Casey, the parliamentary lobbyists where Bercow worked for many years? He left citing urgent personal reasons saying he had no job to go to, and his kind employer negotiated a fat voluntary redundancy package for him. Then within a few weeks Bercow resurfaced in Aitken's office and, understandably, the lobbyists were furious. They have now successfully got some of their money back — good to know the nation's heritage is in such honest hands!

WHILE Tony Blair rails against formal links between the trade unions and the Labour party he is not against using union votes to secure the future of his kitchen cabinet.

Derek Scott, Blair's key adviser, stood as a candidate for the Social Democratic party in Swindon and 1987 effectively ensuring the the Tories seized the seat from Labour. Scott is now searching for a seat in parliament, but his past association with the "traitors" of the SDP has not gone down well with Labour party members in the constituencies. So when, with the leader's help, Scott tried for the the Labour nomination at Worcester — a highly winnable seat — he could not secure a single nomination from a single Labour ward.

Blair then fell back on the comrades and his dwindling support in the Transport and General Workers Union, which, with a bit of effort, delivered four nominations from Worcester branches. So Scott marches on...

KIM HOWELLS has shot himself in the foot over his ambition to parachute into the shadow cabinet (*Eye* 877).

Never one to resist the lure of a microphone, Comrade Kim was north of the border when he went on BBC Scotland to slam Labour's devolution proposals. "I didn't become a Labour MP to take part in the Balkanisation of Britain," he declared. He was swiftly rebuked by shadow home secretary Jack (The Beggars' Friend) Straw.

LORD Wakeham must be delighted by the way the popular prints list his sleaze-bagging achievements since leaving the cabinet. They note only that he is a non-executive director of Rothschild, the merchant bank, whereas his portfolio is much bigger than that.

Wakeham is also chairman of the Michael Page international recruitment group (headhunters who find jobs for people like him); a non-executive director of Bristol and West Building Society; and chairman (at £35,000 a year) of Vosper Thorneycroft, which builds warships. Wakeham is helping it formulate a tender for new frigates for the navy, and the company says his knowledge of Whitehall will be invaluable. His former government colleagues will of course consider his blandishments quite objectively.

Milord Wakeham is also getting £72,000 as part-time chairman of the Press Complaints Commission, and he has just been appointed director of the British Horse Racing Board. But these are early days: he can expect more lucrative offers from the electricity companies (which he privatised) as time goes by.

THE Liberal Democrats are beginning to regret selecting Mike Hoban as prospective parliamentary candidate for Bridgwater in Somerset, Tom King's old seat.

Hoban recently stood down as councillor for the Hanworth ward in humdrum Hounslow, west London, but he wasn't quite sure why.

In an interview with the *Western Daily Press* he claimed he had quit to concentrate on wresting King of his 10,000 majority. But in an interview with the *Brentford and Chiswick Times* he cited increased work commitments — presumably so Hounslow folk wouldn't think he'd left them in the lurch to further his parliamentary career.

Hoban stood down and Labour won the Hounslow council seat, much to the displeasure of Paddy Ashdown who has now hauled him in for a quiet word.

ROGER GALE, Tory MP for Thanet North, has spent the summer telling anyone who'll listen that a proper air-sea rescue service is needed in the straits of Dover and the English Channel around the East Kent coast.

Such a service would improve general safety in the Channel and provide a speedy and effective response in the event of a disaster, he maintains.

He is certain to meet resistance from at least one local resident: Jonathan Aitken, member for neighbouring Thanet East and the person who, as a junior defence minister, had the service closed down three years ago.

THE relentless promotion of top people who may be criticised by the Scott inquiry continues apace.

In February this year the *Eye* commented on the promotion to treasury solicitor (top government lawyer) of Gerald Hosker, who was top lawyer at the department of trade and industry from 1987 to 1992.

Hosker spent two torrid days at the inquiry and was strongly criticised by Sir Richard Scott.

Sir Gerald retires in mid-October. Who takes his place? Michael Saunders, now top legal adviser to the home office and the Northern Ireland office. Mr Saunders was the top lawyer at customs and excise when the latter launched its ill-fated prosecution of Matrix Churchill. Somehow Saunders managed to avoid giving oral evidence to the Scott inquiry, where his junior officers Annabel Bolt and Andrew Biker were given a terrible hammering. Saunders did, however, give written evidence.

WHO gave John Major the crass advice to put opt-out schools at the centre of his disastrous government "relaunch"?

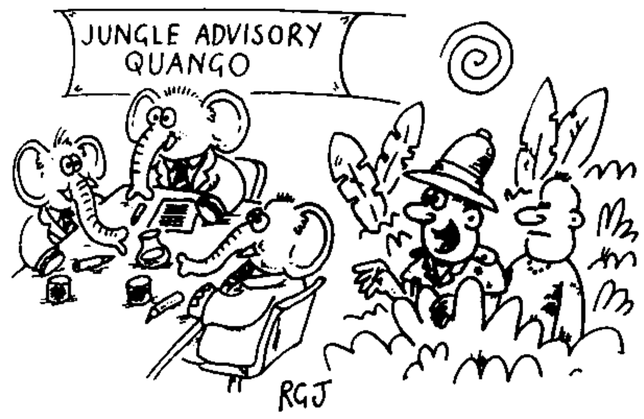
Even education secretary Gillian Shephard, as her department's leaked memo says, thinks the opt-out campaign dead and buried, and that any attempt to revive it will plunge the government into still deeper trouble. So who by-passed education ministers and sold the idea to Major?

Step forward Sir Robert Balchin, the Tory knight who was sitting on the platform during Major's great opt-out speech in Birmingham, and who was largely responsible for arranging the whole affair. He is a former prep school headmaster and current chairman of the Grant Maintained Schools Foundation, which gets government money to make propaganda for grant-maintained schools.

It was Balchin, former chairman of the South East Conservative party, who assured the Tory hierarchy in 1991 that a few bribes and a hysterical campaign in the Tory press (he himself writes often in the *Daily Mail*) would soon secure the majority of "good" schools for the grant-maintained sector. When his strategy collapsed because more and more parents voted against opt-out, Balchin persuaded Major that another press campaign and more bribes would do the trick. Without even consulting Shephard, Major fell for the Balchin plan and agreed to launch it at a grant-maintained schools conference in Birmingham.

The conference was very strict about keeping out private and commercial organisations which supply grant-maintained schools — with one exception. The Grant Maintained Schools Centre was represented by its energetic director Adrian Pritchard. The centre, which has almost exactly the same name and logo as the foundation, is not government-funded but is a purely commercial organisation which makes money by supplying GM schools with "services" such as training. Its chairman is, er, Sir Robert Balchin. It is not be confused either with the Grant Maintained Mutual, an insurance company which makes money by insuring grant maintained schools and whose chairman is, er, Sir Robert Balchin.

'Backbiter'



"At last we've found it – the Elephants' Gravy-Train!"

QUANGO NEWS

IT TOOK Scottish secretary George Kynoch just 48 hours to clear leading Scottish builder and quangocrat Fraser Morrison of allegations of a conflict of interest.

Morrison Construction had bid to build North of Scotland Water Authority's new HQ in Inverness before other companies had even been invited to tender. The construction company had even lodged a planning application for the new HQ which fitted the water authority's specifications right down to the number of parking spaces and a three-car garage. Three days after the planning application was sent other competitors received the brief.

When the water authority first asked Highland and Islands Enterprise for the names of appropriate local firms to discuss the HQ with, the quango had suggested Morrison's. Mr Fraser Morrison of Morrison Construction is also chairman of Highland and Islands Enterprise, and his fellow board member on the quango is John Robertson — who also happens to be chairman of the North of Scotland Water Authority! All entirely innocent, however, according to Kynoch.

Since this investigation other concerns have arisen about the relationship between John Robertson, the Highland quango king, and Morrison Construction. Robertson, who also chairs the Highland Health Board, had called in Neil Munro Property Consultancy of Glasgow to advise on its new HQ, also in Inverness. The consultancy was being paid a retainer by Morrison Construction until a few weeks before it started work for the health board, though all sides deny that Morrison's had received the specification early. The building company won the £2 million contract.

APPOINTMENTS have now been made for Britain's most powerful quango, the Environment Agency, which will take over from the National Rivers Authority, the Pollution Inspectorate and the London Waste Regulation Authority.

Environment secretary John Gummer made most appointments, and they include some familiar faces.

The lord on the board is Lord De Ramsey, a rich Tory landowner from John Major's constituency. Peter Burnham, previously a partner in Coopers & Lybrand, has also been chosen. *(Eyes passim.)*

Alongside these cosy characters will be Christopher Hampson, chairman of privatised Yorkshire Electricity and non-executive director of Ready Mixed Concrete — the keen Tory party donors whose other director, Sir Neil MacFarlane, is a former Tory minister and golfing chum of Sir Denis Thatcher.

The choices of Douglas Hogg, the agriculture minister, were no less predictable. His appointments include Sir Richard George, who received his knighthood this year as chairman of Weetabix (which, coincidentally, bankrolled the Tories during the recession).

The board will also include ex-members of the NRA, but what hope is there for them among such established Tory luminaries?

NOOKS and CORNERS

IN THE last *Eye* I examined Virginia Bottomley's qualifications for being secretary of state for national heritage. In fairness, perhaps I should have said how even more terrifying would John Redwood have been in that role.

Before he jumped ship to grovel for the mantle of Mrs Thatcher, the smiling smooth Redwood was secretary of state for Wales. During his reign he demonstrated a deep ideological hatred for conservation. He did his best to undermine the national parks in Wales and has left a sinister legacy in the draft planning policy guidance (PPG) in Wales recently issued by the Welsh office.

Redwood hates "red tape". So at his behest his civil servants withdrew the draft for new planning policy guidance notes based on the document issued for England in September 1994 and replaced it with a much shorter document. *Much* shorter: PPG15 for England is 64 pages long: the proposed PPG for Wales runs to a whole, er, seven pages.

Now this may seem very boring and, besides, English written by bureaucrats can usually be simplified. But not in this case. In its letter of protest to the Welsh office, the Joint Committee for National Amenity Societies claims that: "These guidance notes are precisely that: they are meant to amplify and clarify the law and government policy and PPG does so extremely well in clear, well-indexed paragraphs, [and in] straightforward English... A planning officer, a councillor on a planning committee, a member of the public who owns a listed building or lives within a conservation area, all of whom happen to live in Wales rather than England, will have access to a document that is so brief in its relevant sections that it raises more questions than it answers. It is simply bad governance to deny the citizens of one part of the United Kingdom access to a user-friendly document which helps them exercise and understand the law by which their actions are circumscribed and defined."

Perhaps the document for Wales is merely a blueprint for Redwood's Britain of the future, a land with no constraints on market forces in which model citizens like Teresa Gorman MP can mutilate listed buildings to their heart's content. For if you compare the draft PPG in Wales with PPG15 (England) one finds that the section on alterations and extensions to listed buildings is omitted — as are the paragraphs on conservation and economic prosperity, the setting of listed buildings, enforcement, prosecution, the compulsory requisition of listed buildings in need of repair, conservation area control over demolition, advertisement control and spot listing, among many others.

If this draft is legally adopted — it is a public consultation document — it will arrive at a time when new unitary authorities come into operation all over Wales. These new bodies, which may or may not employ competent planning officers and conservation officers, surely need more guidance, not less — especially when, as even the Commons Welsh affairs committee recognises, the "conservation ethos" is rather weaker in Welsh local government.

Furthermore, all the fine exhortation in the English PPG — "The physical survivals of our past are to be valued and protected for their own sake, and as a central part of our cultural heritage and our sense of national identity" — has been excised by Redwood's civil servants, so why should local politicians affect to care?

John Redwood has no time for such sentimentality: his aim was clearly to make Wales a land safe for double-glazing salesman. England, beware.

TALKING of Teresa Gorman, who failed so expensively in her bid to challenge the legality of Thurrock borough council's enforcement notice over her vulgar and ignorant mutilations to Old Hall Farmhouse at Orsett (Eyes passim), the Essex Woman has now not only sacked her miserable consultant Anthony "Twee" Blee, but has got rid of her solicitors as well. Whatever next?

AND talking of Blee, that distinguished freemason (*ad nauseam*), I am delighted to learn that the proper conservative scheme for restoring poor bombed St Ethelburga's Bishopsgate, prepared by Rothermel Thomas and Richard Griffiths Architects, has been granted planning permission by the Corporation of London.

Caernarfon Castle: "The physical survivals of our past are to be valued" – but not, apparently, in Wales

"The plans provide valuable ecclesiastical and meeting/event space within this part of the City and safeguard the important and historic space to the rear of the church" — which is a slap in the face to the happy, clappy congregation of St Helen's, which wants an evangelical video shop behind Blee's worthless compromise rebuilding scheme (*Eye* 875).

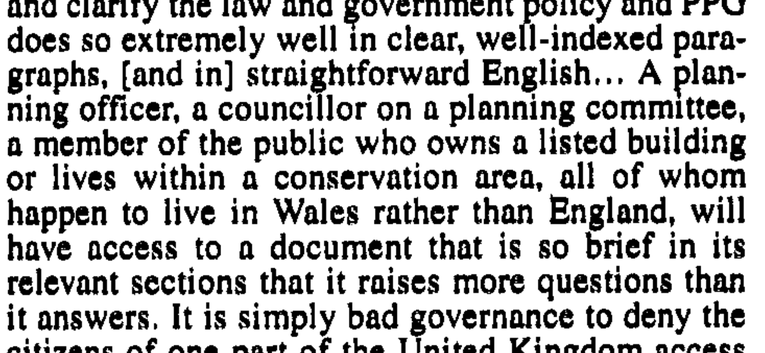
Now — apart from the grasping hostility of the diocese of London — there is no reason St Ethelburga's can't be recreated as it deserves.

'Piloti'

My time with Tin Machine [in 1991] decontextualised me, put me into flux as far as public perception was concerned. They didn't know what to make of me or of it. That hard-lined Apollonian thing around me had broken down, and I was once again cosmically disorganised. And this really allowed me the chance to put the bits back together...

At the risk of sounding pompous, I guess I would align it with deconstructionism. The point made by the French in the Sixties that we are working our way towards a society that is deeply involved with hybridisation and contradictory information almost to the point where contradiction simply ceases to exist...

DAVID BOWIE
The Times



In another life, in another time, the calm and savage Eric Cantona's occupations were different. He rode an ox or a rhinocerous through cities turned upside down in front of kings' shattered palaces. He stole time from watches and threw them in rivers. He even taught parrots the art of the sonnet.

Ikon

Pseuds Corner

He has become the romantic idol of the twentysomething Oxbridge circuit. But still there is something in (Alain) de Botton's demeanour which does not sit easily with that. His dark eyes have a constantly troubled look, and he always answers the phone breathless with anxiety. But then, he agrees, that pain is an essential prerequisite for writing. "Far too many people do not suffer when they should," he says. "I think a writer needs to find things slightly difficult because, well, so many things in life are."

Independent

We are seeking to appoint a speech writer/ researcher who will be required to prepare speeches with a strong advocacy focus on conflict prevention.

Recruitment ad,
International Alert

It is no coincidence that the "shipping out" of Windows 95 and the fall of Srebrenica take place on the same weekend. These are deeply entwined events. What takes place in Redmond and Srebrenica is the final settlement of human flesh in the last days of the 20th Century; the bitter division of the world into virtual flesh and surplus flesh.

ARTHUR AND MARILOUISE KROKER
Editorial preface to *Ctheory*
(Theory, Technology and Culture)

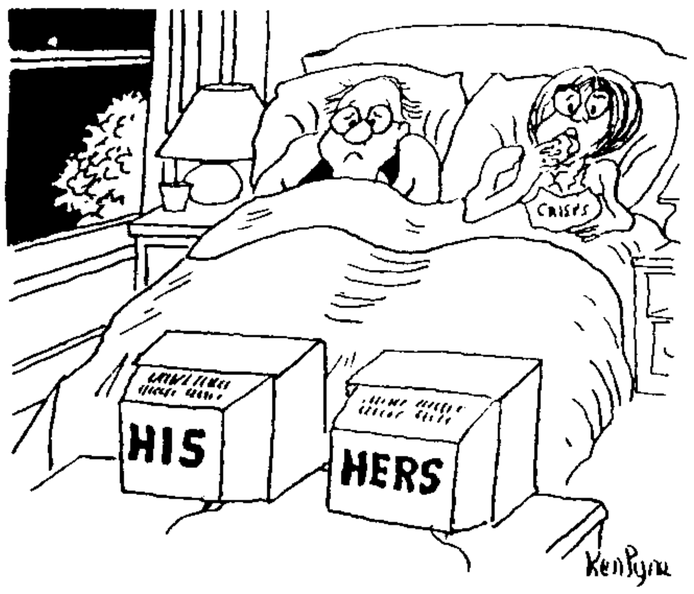
With Matilda Swinton (1960-) however, we have the opposite. While the material of her being is apparently tangible, she is less "with us" than the owners of the objects that surround her. Tilda is

merely a body. Her spirit temporarily departed, she enacts a little death that mocks our attempts to extract meaning from inanimate objects and offers a sobering intimation of mortality.

Iain Gale
Guardian

Contributors: APR, B. Pearson, E. Strobes, J. Gaffin, M. Giedroye, A. Non.

£10 paid for entries



I-BSkyB

ITV came out with their autumn big guns blazing, but Sky Sport had the weekend's hottest drama — the boxing.

GARRY BUSHELL
The Sun

CONTRIBUTOR: P.L. Kennedy.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

EYE TV

David Frost Interviews Nick Leeson (BBC1)

The People's Century (BBC2)

The Death of Yugoslavia (BBC2)

WOULD the BBC have given 40 minutes of network prime time to Fred West or Peter Sutcliffe to protest their innocence in advance of legal proceedings? And didn't its own current affairs programmes, now you think of it, make a terrible sneery fuss about the way the American media pre-tried the case of OJ Simpson?

The answers are, decisively, no and yes. But alleged financial fraud isn't a proper crime, is it? And the BBC lawyers say that, with someone on remand in a German jail, there's no risk of the DG and MD having to go to jail for contempt of court. And Frostie's lined up an exclusive interview with Nick Leeson — for an occasional US series called, get that grammar, *Sir David Frost Meets With...* — and Frostie's best mates with John Birt.

And so, amazingly, we end up with *David Frost Interviews Nick Leeson: The Man Who Broke The Bank*, 40 minutes of chirpy self-exoneration on peak time BBC1 in the presence of an interviewer who seemed to have only the vaguest idea of what fraud, if there had been any, might have entailed. The one time Frostie touched on anything substantive, Leeson smirked that he couldn't talk about that, for legal reasons. Perhaps this programme wasn't contempt of court, but it was certainly contempt of television.

It was even more of a pity that the BBC should this week have produced a programme which went completely against its traditions because it was also in the process of showing two series that would have graced its schedules at any time in the history of the medium.

The People's Century — the BBC's epic millennial documentary — is a perfect example of how the greater visual sophistication made possible by modern technology can be married to old-fashioned programme-making skills. Square Eyes, though, is here to be a grump and it's not quite true, as some critics have been saying, that the series shows none of the scars of the late 20th century television production process.

For a start it's "people-led", focusing on personal anecdotage as opposed to the journalistic or analytical approach of something like *The World At War*. This does betray a nervousness on the BBC's part about the attention span of the audience, although *The People's Century*, to its credit, shows that people-led series do not have to be tabloid in tone. It's also the case that, in the past, a series as expensive and prestigious as this would have been given the 9.30pm slot after the news.

The People's Century, though, has to wait until 10pm, with a new series from Mel Smith and Griff Rhys Jones serving as a wholly inappropriate warm-up. These clear signs of twitchiness at the BBC about the right to exist of a series that would once have been taken for granted should be noted by those claiming that the survival of such a project in 1995 is a rebuke to those who have lamented the degradation of television's content. At the end of the century that saw the birth of television itself, *The People's Century* is a dodo. It's just, at the moment, a dodo with a couple of good doctors.

It's only on the protected-species channel, BBC2, that you really do get the kind of thing the BBC used to do, untroubled by any concession to the jumpy new cultural climate. *The Death Of Yugoslavia* is a brilliant, rigorous primer to the war that had become, for many viewers, the bore to end all bores. Actually, on closer examination this series too tells you something poignant about the condition of television.

This perfect example of the kind of thing the BBC used to do as a matter of course is, though younger readers won't believe it, an example of the sort of thing ITV used to do as a matter of course. Those involved in its production — Norma Percy, Brian Lapping — used to work for Granada. Now their series — this one, *Hypotheticals*, *The Second Russian Revolution* — are made for BBC2, the last port in a philistine storm. Television may be marking the end of the 20th century, but it sure as hell isn't celebrating it.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

AT LAST week's press launch for the new season of Cilla Black's hugely sophisticated *Blind Date* there were 11 delightful young men and women, all eager TV hopefuls.

The only problem was that ten of them were undercover hacks from the tabloids. The *Evening Standard* spy even filed a winsome item about two of the would-be contestants retiring to have a drink in a pub nearby in fits of flirtatious giggles. What the story didn't mention was that the pair, Henry and Zoe, were from the *Daily Express*.

SKY TV News, in answer to critics who say it hasn't a clue, came up with a winning answer over the summer. Just as the whole issue of the former Yugoslavia exploded again, Sky closed its Belgrade office to open one in Washington.

Sky's long-standing and respected bureau staffer in Belgrade, Jaksa Skecic, was laid off; and it took all the efforts of Sky's former foreign editor Nick Jennings, and Sky's former head of news, Ian Frykberg, to persuade Sky supremo Sam Chisholm of the lunacy of this move.

Last week Jaksa Skecic was reinstated and the Belgrade office reopened.

NEWS of John Birt's cost-cutting zeal has yet to reach Ric Bailey, the BBC's apparatchik who is in charge of assigning hacks to report on the party conferences.

With understandable pride he has just issued a list of all the political correspondents he is sending to the Conservative conference next month: Robin Oakley, John Sergeant, John Pienaar, Carolyn Quinn, Jeremy Vine, Huw Edwards, Lance Price, Nick Jones, Steve Richards, Tim Fenton, Nick Robinson, Mike Fairbairn, Rob Orchard and David Wilby — plus, of course, a vast attendant army of editors, producers and "organisers".

One trusts the Tories are suitably grateful.

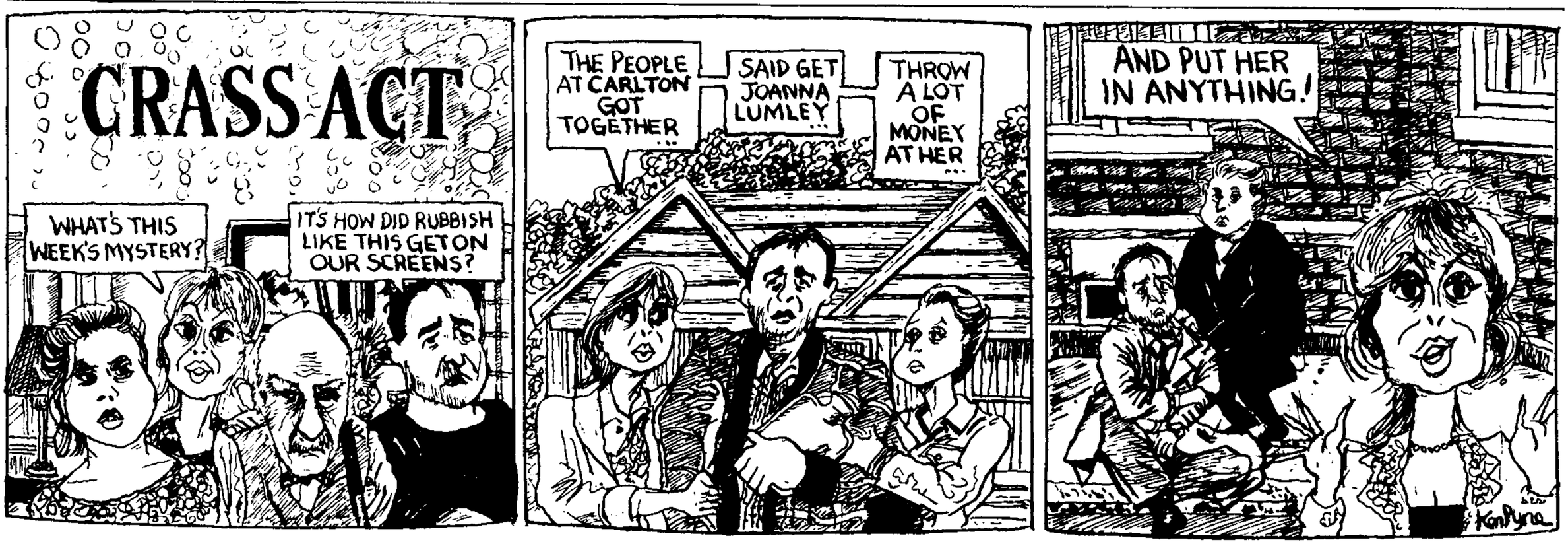
Private I-I-I!

THIS ISSUE'S rundown of the nation's most self-obsessed columnists, based on the number of incidences of the word "I" per column-inch.

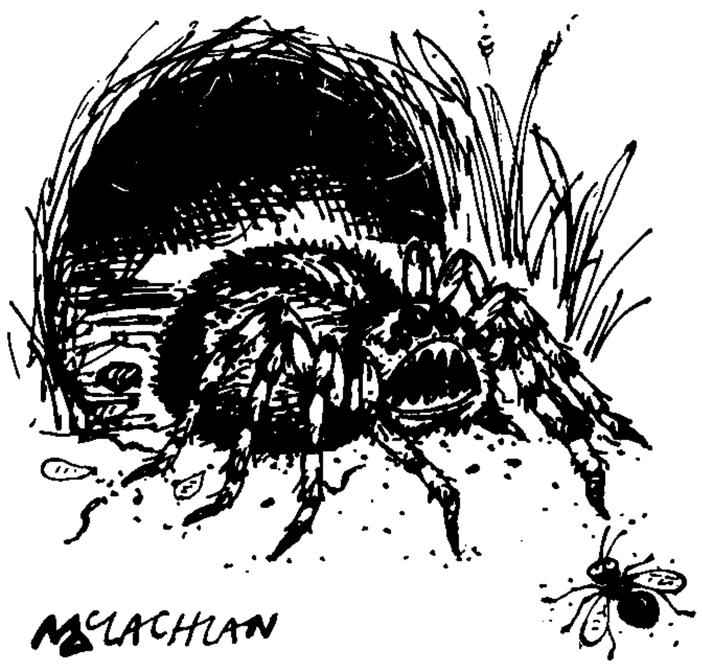
Ego Rating

1.	Max Clifford (Complete Car, Sept)	**3.65**
2.	Michael Winner (Sunday Times 3/9)	**3.58**
3.	Nigella Lawson (Times 16/9)	**3.19**
4.	Zoe Heller (Sunday Times 17/9)	**3.14**
5.	Penny Jackson (Ind 26/8)	**2.93**
6.	Jo Brand (Independent 26/8)	**2.81**
7.	Jeffrey Bernard (Spectator 9/9)	**2.50**
8.	Theodore Dalrymple (S. Times 17/9)	**2.11**
9.	Julie Myerson (Independent 11/9)	**1.58**
10.	"Dr" John Diamond (Times 16/9)	**1.50**

Bubblin' Under: Michael Bywater, Donald Trelford, Rachel Cusk, Leslie Abdela.


GRASS ACT
WHAT'S THIS WEEK'S MYSTERY?
IT'S HOW DID RUBBISH LIKE THIS GET ON OUR SCREENS?
THE PEOPLE AT CARLTON GOT TOGETHER...
SAID GET JOANNA LUMLEY...
THROW A LOT OF MONEY AT HER...
AND PUT HER IN ANYTHING!
KenPyne

QUENTIN TARANTULA



"Will you walk into my parlour, you fucking fuck?"

ONE reason the BBC is in such dire financial straits is the pisspoor implementation of Producer Choice, the system whereby producers are given programme budgets and told to get the best value they can by shopping around for personnel.

In practice this means freelancers; and it has taken three years for the accountants who run the BBC to realise that even though they have made 3,000 technicians redundant they have in many cases been paying out *twice*.

The BBC decided to keep "resource" departments — the departments that know how to do tricky things like actually get a programme out on the air — but by exotic accounting processes decided that the people who work in them on a salary of, say, £30,000 actually cost £60,000 a year. Why? Because they don't work every day of the year and they sometimes go sick and take holidays.

Add on the cost of pension and national insurance contributions and you arrive at the grossly inflated rates of pay for technicians which make the freelance market appear attractive financially.

Consequently those on salaries of £20,000 to £55,000 a year who have not been made redundant have been sitting at home on full pay while producers employ "cheaper" freelancers.

WORLD OF HYPE

A FREEBIE was held recently on the new five-star gin palace MS Silver Wind, moored at Tower Bridge.

Unable to locate the free bar, one guest hack approached a blondish type believing her to be the vessel's PR rep. "No I'm most certainly not!" screeched the woman, mortified. "I am Victoria Mather of the *Tatler*... Do you think I look like a PR for a cruise ship?"

MUSIC & MUSICIANS

DESPITE big audiences this year's Buxton festival has left many participants out of pocket.

The festival bought in *Turn of the Screw* from conductor Wasfi Kani for £18,000, promising to pay her on the last night. Although she performed to full houses and the production was proclaimed a hit, the organisers told her at the end that they could not afford to pay her. She was left to pay the singers out of her own pocket.

The Hallé orchestra is also owed £9,000 by the festival organisers, but the festival's general manager Jane Davies has managed to find cash to pay some handpicked performers. Another conductor of some of the festival's performances was paid — a *Mr* Jane Davies.

Outrageously some cynics claim the financial crisis is being partly stage-managed. They say that if a musical company were forced to the brink of financial ruin by Buxton's non-payment there is a good chance the Arts Council would bail it out. As Buxton receives no council funding, any refusal to pay performers would be a way of getting funding for the festival through the back door. Perish the thought...

HACKWATCH: ESTHER RANTZEN

WHEN the BBC finally killed off *That's Life!*, many viewers must have hoped they'd heard the last of Esther Rantzen. No such luck: she has resurfaced with *Esther*, a weepie talk-show, and the even more lachrymose *Hearts of Gold*.

As it that weren't enough, she also writes a column for the *Daily Express* in which, every week, she proves herself the undisputed champion of syrupy sentimentality and heart-tugging homilies — the new Nabob of Sob. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now...

1 May: "Two million people every month buy pornographic magazines. We discussed that fact in a recent *Esther* show..." But she is still none the wiser. "Why do readers want to see these sad ladies? Why do they display themselves like this?" She cannot explain it all. All she does know is that it's a "tragedy".

8 May: War, too, is a tragedy, as the VE Day ceremony has reminded her. "It doesn't bear thinking about," she wails. "I weep for the children across the world who have still to live with the agony of war."

15 May: On her TV programme this week, Esther has interviewed two women whose daughters became prostitutes. As usual she is overwhelmed. "My heart went out to these two mothers. It's copping out to say that teachers should do more, or the government, or social workers. We must all take the blame... Never send to know for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for your daughter, and for mine." But not, apparently, for her son: elsewhere in her column Esther reveals that "in our latest batch of family snaps there was one to treasure — of my 13-year-old son Joshua." It shows him diving into a swimming pool! She reproduces the photo for her readers to coo over. "Desmond (her husband) took the picture," she adds proudly.

22 May: "This is National Breast-Feeding Awareness Week." Esther is certainly well aware of breast-feeding. She is never happier than "when a plump rosy baby is nestled contentedly at the breast."

29 May: "It was Desmond's birthday last week." But even on such a joyful occasion, sadness is never far away. "Alas for the children in Islington's children's homes," she laments. "Forgive me if I sound weary and embittered, but I have heard stories like this so often. Will we never learn?"

5 June: "I was in New York last week for three days during Joshua's half term, thanks to a brilliant offer to *Daily Express* readers. We did all the tourist things — the horse-drawn buggy in Central Park, the helicopter trip circling the Statue of Liberty." So was she able to put her cares aside for the duration? Oh no: "tourist helicopter flights," she reminds us sternly, "are not properly regulated and can indeed be dangerous."

12 June: "We can all sleep easier in our beds tonight. A cruel and wicked woman is in jail..." She is Susan Brooke, a baby-snatcher. But Esther believes that Brooke isn't nearly as villainous as another woman in the news this week, whose two toddlers died when she shut them in a car during the heatwave. "Women, such as Myra Hindley, who hurt or neglect children, make me angry," she fumes. Who would have guessed it?

19 June: Esther highlights another "tragic case of child cruelty" after watching a Channel 4 documentary about an 11 year-old boy whose parents were so ill-tempered and unpleasant that he was eventually taken into foster care. Once again, we are all guilty. "I heard my own voice echoing on that film, and so did many, many parents I know... I watched the programme with my 13-year-old son, constantly checking: 'Do we do that, Joshua? Are our rows like those?' 'No, mum,' he reassured me."

26 June: "Start your week with wit and hard-hitting insight," runs the slogan across the top of Esther's column today. And sure enough, there's wit a-plenty. "When adults fight over a child, for the sake of that son or daughter, the terrible irony is that the child invariably suffers," she observes. "The answer seems so simple: listen to the children."

3 July: After a few days of sunshine, water supplies are already dwindling. "Why?" Esther demands. "Reservoirs should be brimming. After all, who drinks stuff from the taps? Everyone I know has bottled water from France, the Welsh mountains or Malvern Hills."

10 July: Back in the TV studio, Esther has been interviewing the parents of two girls who were sexually abused by a neighbour — or so they claim. The man was acquitted. "Every time we acquit a child abuser," Esther points out, in a startling flash of revelation, "we condemn a great many children to danger and suffering."

17 July: Great excitement: Esther met Richard Branson this week. "We were launching a campaign aiming to save children's lives," she boasts.

24 July: Even by Esther's own high standards, today's column is a real tear-jerker. "My daughter Emily gets ferocious headaches," she reveals. "It's chronic post-viral exhaustion syndrome, ME." To cheer us up, she introduces us to another girl, 10 year-old Courtney Elliott, who accosted her recently and asked: "Esther, can you tell me how to become rich and famous?" Her advice to Courtney is simple and heartfelt: "Push each door open, survive and you'll be rich and famous — but I hope you find another, even better dream, on the way." Lovely.

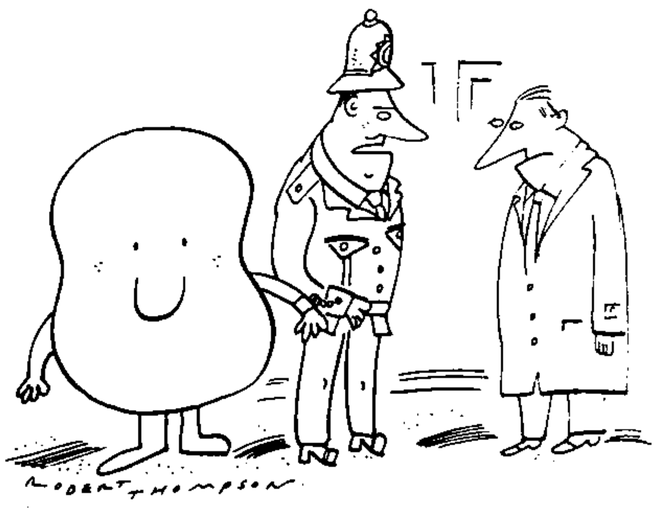
31 July: "They say time heals pain. For most of us, it's true that the soul builds up if not a shell, at least a protective skin over the scars. But for Mary, one day in 1968 is as vivid, as agonising, as if it had happened this morning. It was the day she gave away her baby..." Reach for the Kleenex, folks.

7 August: "The nation is still reeling from four child murders. The parents among us are desperately trying to square the circle, how to allow our children the freedom to play and explore without putting them at the mercy of predatory maniacs." Fortunately, Esther has the answer. "The lesson for us all this week is that when children are at risk we should react, but in the name of sanity we must not overreact."

14 August: "*Hearts of Gold* returns to BBC1 quite soon, so I'd love to hear your nominations for outstanding kindness or courage. Tell me about famous stars or unknown people you want me to celebrate — in these tough times we all deserve some good news, don't we?" Of course: and we've already got some. "My husband Desmond Wilcox is off round the world again," she reports, "making his documentary series *The Visit*". Well done!

4 September: Returning from a fortnight's holiday ("yes, thank you, it was lovely") Esther is swiftly back to her own careworn self. In the past week two men have died, alone, in their council flats.

11 September: "Term starts, an autumn sharpness enters the air, there are Michaelmas daisies for sale on the pavement." Can it be that Esther is perking up again? Of course not. "I feel melancholy. *That's Life!* has rejected me again." When her much-loved TV programme was axed, she applied for a feature-writing job on a new magazine which had rather cheekily pinched the title *That's Life!* — only to be rejected. "I console myself with the fact that *That's Life!*, the television programme, has sold around the world, it's the BBC's most popular format and it tops the ratings in Europe." Hence her shock when BBC1 controller Alan Yentob called her in and announced that he was killing her baby. "As he sat there, designer suit rumpled as usual, beard stubbly as ever, I couldn't hate him. But when I left the office, the brandy glowing within me, I knew that something I loved, something the nation had loved, had been condemned to death." No sniggering, please; no cheap jibes about phallic vegetables and talking dogs. Esther has experienced a tragic bereavement. We are all guilty.



"Sarge.. I think we may have found our Mr Big!"

DOING THE ROUNDS

"THERE have been times in my view when this unit has been very unsafe with the number of nursing staff available and, indeed, the calibre of the staff has not been acceptable. I have an ongoing concern about staff morale and feel that they do not carry out modern psychiatric nursing and the quality of care given is not acceptable."

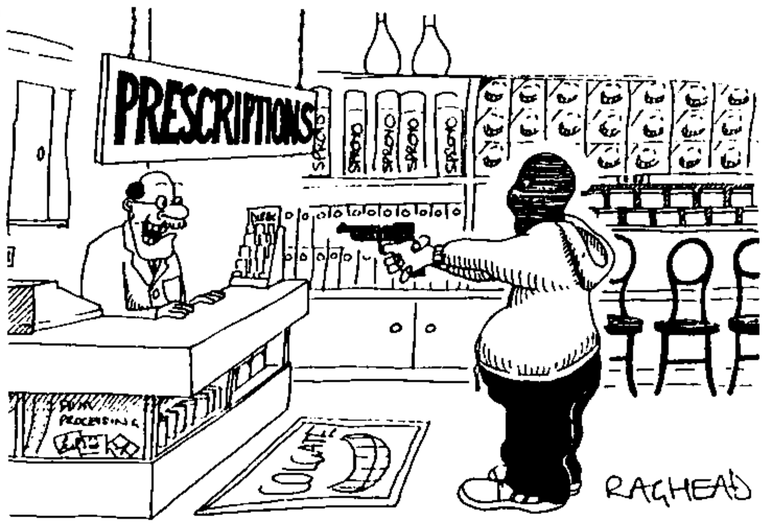
So said Dr Lynne Behennah in resigning as medical adviser to **Glenbourne mental health unit** at **Plymouth's Derriford hospital**, swiftly followed by the exit of clinical manager Marilyn Wilkie. As the **Plymouth community services NHS trust**, which runs the service, said: "This does not mean the lives of patients or staff are at risk."

Nearby **South Devon healthcare trust** is currently being sued by the parents of occupational therapist Georgina Robinson, who was stabbed to death while on duty at the Edith Morgan centre in 1993 by a patient who had bought the knife on an unsupervised shopping trip.

● FUNDHOLDING fever has taken over **Chichester**, where **Cawley Rd** surgery has reached an understanding with **Parklands surgery** whereby all the patients requiring minor operations from one travel to the other.

This allows each surgery to act as a provider for its neighbour and thus rake in loads of extra cash. Soon it won't be long before the two swap their entire services. Meanwhile, **Medway hospital trust** in **Kent** has an interesting policy for the ordering of scans by GPs. Fundholders can book scans direct with the imaging departments, non-fundholders are delayed by having to refer the case to a consultant first. Does this mean fundholders have better clinical judgement? Or perhaps more money?

● A SURVEY of more than 400 hospital consultants reveals that three quarters plan to retire early. 88 percent cite reduced professional morale; 84 percent hate the macho implementation of the NHS reforms; 62 percent are put off by the extra administrative workload; 59 percent have noticed that their clinical workload has increased too; 42 percent say they have reduced support from junior staff; and 29 percent feel pressurised by managers. Altogether not a happy bunch — small wonder 471 consultant posts across the country are empty...



"That'll be about 10 minutes, sir"

● STAFF at the **Royal Manchester children's hospital trust**, are becoming increasingly concerned about the health of their chairman, Mr Lavin. He was recently spotted parking his Mercedes in the disabled section of the patient's car park. The disability was confirmed when he scraped a wing against two bollards while reversing out again. Then £2,000 was swiftly shelled out on American bollard protectors which, on arrival, didnt fit their UK colleagues.

● AT **London's Middlesex, University College and Elizabeth Garrett Anderson trusts** 86 percent of Unison members voted for strike action against the unfair dismissal of branch chairman and staff nurse David Carr (see last *Eye*). This — and the failure to substantiate any of the claims of aggression against him in an appeal — forced trust management to reinstate him, though not before clinical services manager Maia Rand had offered strike-breaking nurses £10 an hour for a £6.70 job. There were no takers.

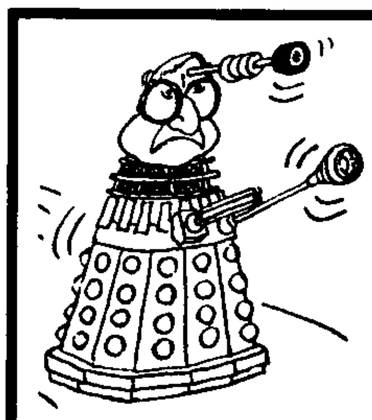
● "THE healthcare system is on the brink of disaster." So says **South Gwent community health council** in response to the shortage of GP partners, trainees and locums. More than 50 trainee posts and 15 partnerships are unfilled, with three solo GPs going off sick in August and no one to cover the workload. As Dr Chandra Roy put it: "The system is in total chaos. Our practice desperately needs another partner but we cant find one. I have not had a holiday for three years." Nationwide the number of GP trainees has fallen by 12 percent since 1991, with both male and female recruits on the decline.

● PAGE 3 of **West Yorkshire Health Authority**'s snappy new brochure, *Proposals for the redevelopment of health care services in Calderdale*, offers the reassurance that they "meet the quality of care conditions required by the medical Royal Colleges".

The **Royal College of Psychiatrists (RCP)** in its latest publication *Mental health of the nation*, recommends 44 acute adult psychiatry beds and 59 old age psychiatry beds per 100,000 patients, which for Calderdale translates to 82 and 110 respectively. Strange then that only 44 and 59 beds are on offer.

● THE RCP has also announced that a third of all acute psychiatric admission beds in **London** are blocked by patients needing non-existent long-term care. All have occupied their beds for more than three months, with 13 percent in for more than six months. On the day of the survey, 96 patients were in hospitals a long way from home and two-thirds were in private units because the NHS and local hostels were full. The frustration caused by lack of resources may explain why violent incidents in admission units are on the increase, with 124 occurring in July.

M.D.



BY POPULAR DEMAND

BIRTSPEAK has been extended to cover Management Drivel in *all* spheres (not just the BBC). *£10 paid for examples.*

The new Authority will be: Member led, Officer driven, Customer focused; a team environment where the whole is greater than the sum of its parts; a flat management structure where employees and managers are fully empowered and decisions are devolved close to the customer; a culture of learning rather than blame; a clear sense of direction and purpose. A firm commitment to delivering high quality public services through a combination of direct provision and effective partnerships.

Recruitment ad, Bath and North East Somerset District Council. ***(Submitted by J. Kerr)***

DOWN ON THE FARM

JIM LAW, the much put-upon Bacup pig farmer and slaughterhouse owner (*Eyes passim*), has finally won a verdict from the meat hygiene appeals tribunal.

He appealed after spending more than £200,000 on improvements, only to be refused a licence by Maffia officials to kill more than 60 of the 300 pigs he needs to produce each week to make a decent living. As expected chairman Michael Ware — 40 years a civil servant — found against Mr Law, even after remarking that the refusal to allow the immaculate and pristine slaughterhouse to process 300 pigs a week was "illogical" and the meat hygiene regulations, under which the refusal had been made, were "extremely complex".

Ware even found that nine of the 12 "deficiencies" claimed by the Maffia were "not upheld" — although three minor technical points were more than enough to allow triumphant officials to save face and declare a "victory". Talks are now planned with officials who — if they can hide their smirks — will be asked to approve relatively simple works which may allow Mr Law to operate at full capacity.

What worries the rest of the slaughtering industry is that Ware, in reaching his judgment, rejected completely any idea that Maffia officials need to carry out a risk assessment in interpreting the law, or that they need to take into account the quality of the pork produced. This means that in implementing supposed "hygiene" rules, a "hygiene" tribunal has ruled that the risk to public health does not have to be considered. Officials may thus refuse a licence even when the operation is completely hygienic — as everyone agrees Mr Law's slaughterhouse is.

Meat consumers everywhere will be delighted to know the Maffia is taking such care of their safety. But will they be so pleased when the only meat they can buy is plastic-wrapped, sanitised lumps of bright red chewing gum at the supermarket, the Maffia intention all along?

Many meat producers think consumers deserve better and are looking to challenge Mr Ware's bizarre ruling in the high court.

IN TRYING to protect farmers as opposed to "consumers", farm safety watchdog the Health and Safety Executive (HSE) provides a sober contrast.

When in 1992 Tom and Jane Rees, farmers in Cowbridge, south Glamorgan, bought a four-wheel drive tractor for their son William, he soon found an interesting design fault. Instead of the four-wheel braking advertised, it only had brakes on two wheels: to stop quickly it relied on engine braking from the four-wheel drive, which cut in automatically when the brakes were applied, and a clutch-slip device to stop the engine seizing up.

The manner of the discovery was also interesting: when reversing up the steep sides of a silage clamp on the farm, the tractor's wheels started to spin. William hit the brakes, not unreasonably expecting the vehicle to stop, but before he knew what was happening the clutch slip and the automatic four-wheel drive were working against each other and the tractor flipped on its side, the driver lucky to be alive.

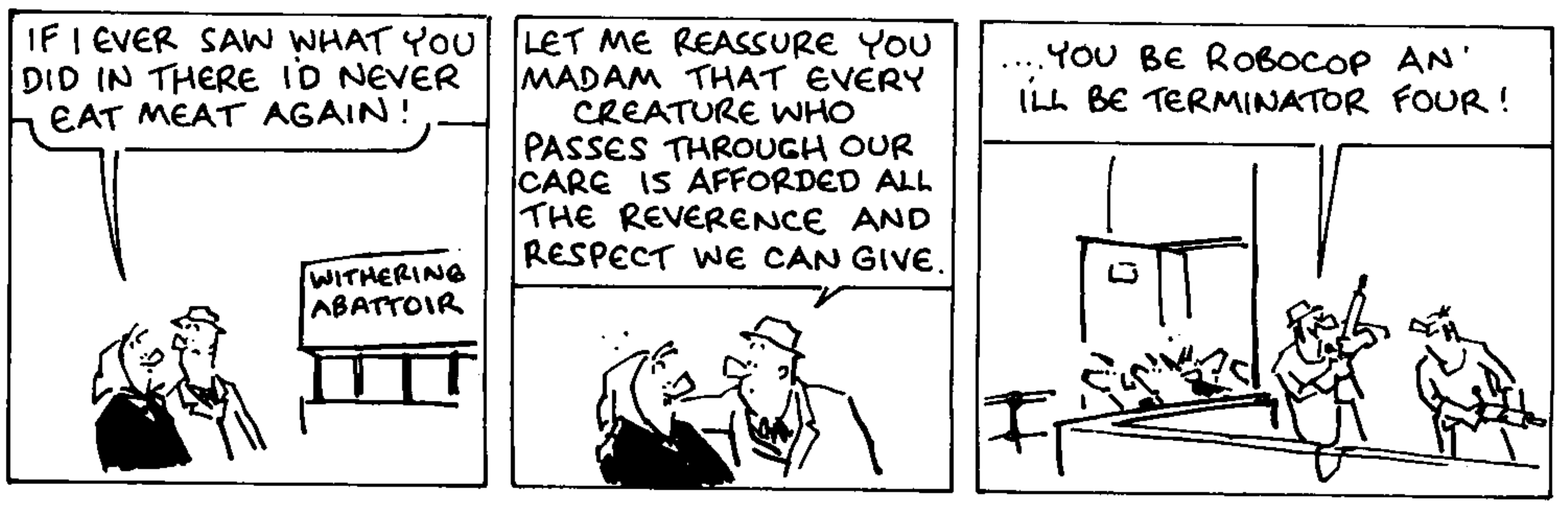
Appeals to the HSE brought tractor safety inspector Paul Henry to the scene. Some time after watching the tractor manoeuvre on a flat, dry concrete yard he declared the tractor to be "completely safe". An independent engineer commissioned by the Rees family found otherwise, on which basis the family stopped payments for the £22,000 white elephant.

The Reeses are now being pursued via Bridgend county court for outstanding payments on what they see as an "intrinsically unsafe" tractor, while the HSE looks on in approval and its tests are used as evidence against the family.

'New Muckspreader'

Old Macdonald

ALBERT


IF I EVER SAW WHAT YOU DID IN THERE I'D NEVER EAT MEAT AGAIN!
WITHERING ABATTOIR
LET ME REASSURE YOU MADAM THAT EVERY CREATURE WHO PASSES THROUGH OUR CARE IS AFFORDED ALL THE REVERENCE AND RESPECT WE CAN GIVE.
....YOU BE ROBOCOP AN' ILL BE TERMINATOR FOUR!

THE Rotten Borough Advertiser

DERBY WINNER

ONE of the fiercest Tory vendettas of the 1980s was against David Bookbinder, former Labour leader of Derbyshire county council.

When in 1989 the council, at an extra cost of £11,000, switched its advertising for teachers from the *Times Educational Supplement* to the *Guardian*, a terrific hullabaloo went up in the Tory press. "Dictator" Bookbinder was accused of "blatant interference" in the freedom of the press; and Tory councillors took the case to judicial review where judges described the switch as a "flagrant abuse of power" and ordered the advertising back to Rupert Murdoch.

The demand then went up that the district auditor should surcharge Bookbinder personally for the cost to the council of the switch — including legal costs of £100,000. The "Surcharge Bookbinder!" campaign was taken up in high hysteria by the local press, especially the Trader newspaper group, and by Tory MPs Edwina Currie and Philip Oppenheim. Long after he had retired from public life, Bookbinder faced almost certain bankruptcy.

Suddenly, however, the campaign petered out, the press shut up and so did the MPs. Then on the August bank holiday Saturday, after years of silence, a tiny item appeared on page 14 of the *Derby Evening Telegraph*. The district auditor, Keith Stanton, it reported, would not be surcharging Bookbinder. No reason. No complaint.

What had happened? Could it be that Tory attitudes to district auditors have been influenced by Lady Porter's Westminster Tories, who face millions of pounds in surcharges for indescribable corruption? What is the point, in other words, of banging on about illegally overcharging a council £11,000 when your own lot are accused of illegally overcharging another council by several millions?

WESTMINSTER (S)TORIES

WHY is Westminster's scandal-hit housing department being "reorganised" nearly two years after the district auditor accused it of blowing millions on gerrymandering? Laughably the council says it's to make it more efficient. The truth is more disappointing.

The council has lost some £30 million from allowing leaseholders in eight marginal wards free repairs, thus making the properties more attractive for selling. The decision not to send out bills was made by bankrupt former housing chairman Peter Hartley, one of nine former officials facing surcharge for his role in the gerrymandering scandal. (Hartley was also investigated by the fraud squad over the infamous 15p sale of three cemeteries.)

Another facing surcharge is former housing director Graham England, recently appointed Westminster's head of external relations. Although required by law to be politically neutral, he wrote on 16 September 1987 that housing repair bills anger leaseholders and "force them into the arms of the Opposition". What on earth could he have meant?

Funnily enough district auditor John Magill urged the council to bill for the repairs, but mysteriously it failed to do so and then wasted even more public money investigating the possibility of suing the auditor for, er, failing to warn the council about the need to bill. Lawyers told the council to forget it — Magill had warned it.

So how is Westminster going to get out of this one? The council claims the free repairs period cost more like £6 million than £30 million. So it is going to sack 150 housing officials (out of a total of 650) to try to save £4 million.

Meanwhile Dame Shirley Porter's attempts to convince the auditor to slash Westminster's potential surcharge bill has backfired. At the auditor's public hearings one of her accountants suggested the gerrymandering sales policy had actually *made* £316,000 for the council and not lost the £21.25 million Magill suggested. Magill kindly agreed to check his calculations. No, it wasn't £21.25 million that had been lost — it was £29.95 million! Dame Shirley must be pleased.

AFTER THE SMALL FRY

JOHNSON Fry Property Ltd continues to lead the way in tendering to run our large council estates, its experience as a private landlord doubtless standing it in good stead for dealing with difficult council tenants.

However, a development of 18 flats near Southampton by JFP, finished two years ago, is causing problems: eight flats are currently empty, of which only two are on the market. The number of empty flats is likely to increase, moreover, with news that tenants face big rent increases — in some cases an extra £100 a month is demanded, taking rent to a mortgage-style £450. One vulnerable tenant, an ME sufferer in her 40s, committed suicide soon after receiving notice of the increase.

The landlord who imposed the increase is — don't laugh — First Predator Plus PLC, based in Bath. Tenants on the estate fear the increases are part of an attempt to force them out so the site can be redeveloped. Suspicions were aroused when tenants received a letter from a company called Gas Check Ltd telling them a rep would be coming round to check their appliances — odd as the estate is not connected for gas. The registered address of Gas Check Ltd is the same as First Predator Plus PLC — 17 Gay Street, Bath — which is the same as the address at which JFP bases its west country operations.

RED FACE OF THE WEEK

ACCOUNTANTS KPMG Peat Marwick sponsor the Green Initiative awards for environmental management in local government, and this year's judges, said KPMG, were "some of the most respected names in local government" — including chief executives and directors from Kirklees metropolitan borough, Cambridgeshire county council and the London borough of Sutton. Of more than 70 entrants in category A, Cambridgeshire was delighted to be a finalist. In "B", Sutton was overwhelmed to be among the frontrunners and in "C" both Sutton and Kirklees found favour with the judges. As ever KPMG conducted its business with no back scratching and should be congratulated on its running of the contest.

IN BRIEF

BENT: 60 people are taking the council to court claiming they were unfairly sacked after "psychometric" testing. If Bent loses (there is an upper limit of £11,000 on such cases) it will have to pay out around £500,000. But if the ex-employees prove their dismissals were racially motivated Bent could face a multi-million pound bill as there is no limit on such payouts. Lawyers' fees will probably be £5,000 a day for maybe as many as 50 days. And who is counsel to the Tory council? Step forward Cherie Booth, wife of Tory Blair.

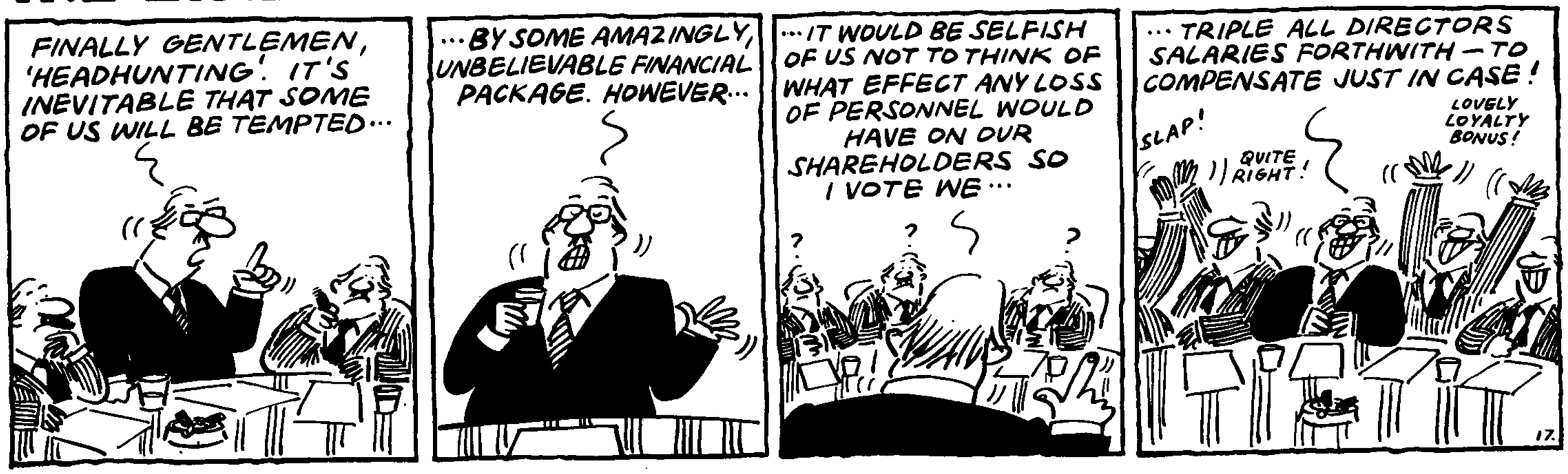
GLASGOW: Despite fierce opposition Celtic FC was allowed by the Labour council to use Lancefield Street for its crowd access — vital because its brand new £17 million stand is yards from the street's 84 houses. First the planning committee said no, but then changed its mind so the 27,000 who use the stand can — if they want — trample through gardens and urinate in the street. The one Tory on the committee voted against, claiming that four Labour councillors are shareholders of Celtic. Group leader and planning committee member Pat Lally agreed he held shares, but the chief executive's advice was that he (Lally) had "no interest to declare".

LAMBETH: Links between Network Security Management Ltd (*Eye* 880) are wider than first thought. An audit contracts manager has now started "special leave" from the internal audit section following rumours that a link existed between the professional snoopers and the Lambeth audit team. British Telecom is also trying to find out how Network obtained home phone log details of current and ex- Lambeth employees.

SHEPWAY: The crazy "beach nourishment scheme" — hiring a dredger and pipeline for £13 million to pump shingle on to the beaches of Folkestone, Sandgate, Hythe and Dymchurch — has been underway for nearly three months. After a night of bad weather most of it has been washed back out to sea. Questions on how long this farce is to continue are turned down. The contract between district council and HAM, the dredger operator, is "confidential".

THE DIRECTORS

DREDGE


FINALLY GENTLEMEN, 'HEADHUNTING'. IT'S INEVITABLE THAT SOME OF US WILL BE TEMPTED...
...BY SOME AMAZINGLY, UNBELIEVABLE FINANCIAL PACKAGE. HOWEVER...
...IT WOULD BE SELFISH OF US NOT TO THINK OF WHAT EFFECT ANY LOSS OF PERSONNEL WOULD HAVE ON OUR SHAREHOLDERS SO I VOTE WE...
...TRIPLE ALL DIRECTORS SALARIES FORTHWITH — TO COMPENSATE JUST IN CASE!
SLAP!
QUITE RIGHT!
LOVELY LOYALTY BONUS!
17.

SIGNAL FAILURES

THE first private freight to test the safety system of the privatised railway — criticised by Railtrack's own safety-assessment manager this summer — is likely to be, er, nuclear waste.

Direct Rail Services, a subsidiary of British Nuclear Fuels, has applied for licences to carry BNFL's radioactive waste round the country behind 1957-built locomotives, some of which are third-hand. The transport is currently handled by BR subsidiaries, and the transfer will make BNFL the first non-railway organisation to run freight trains on Railtrack lines.

It is not entirely clear what the advantage is in a state-owned organisation with no experience of safe carriage of nuclear waste by rail taking over from a state-owned organisation with 40 years' experience. More obvious is that the change, along with the imminent transfer of BR's most lucrative freight business to National Power, will undermine the profitability of the three general freight companies — the only bits of BR that might have looked seriously attractive to private buyers.

THAMESLINK has been fiddling its passenger charter statistics.

Thanks to sloppy management and underfunding, half its London to Brighton trains have been cancelled (see *Eye* 874) every day since May. Yet official "reliability" figures for the four weeks to 18 August claim 1.6 per cent of Thameslink trains were cancelled.

A spokesman said there was no need to include the hundreds of cancelled trains in the cancellation figures because they were "not being treated as Brighton trains" and because there had been posters publicising the mass cancellations.

GIVING Railtrack its objectives for the year, Brian Mawhinney, when transport secretary, wrote: "The Government continues to attach the highest importance to transport safety."

Six pages earlier in Railtrack's annual report is the statement: "The Health and Safety Commission endorsed the BR and Railtrack view that the benefits of installing the [ATP automatic train protection] system throughout the network would not justify the cost. The Secretary of State accepted the HSC's advice and Railtrack is now developing alternative measures."

In fact rail privatisation has already cost more than ATP, which would have prevented last year's worst rail accident. The government promised in 1990 that "finance will not stand in the way" of having ATP fully installed within five years.

The annual report also says "passenger fatalities were maintained at their lowest recorded levels" — but it omits to say this was due to a reduction in falls from trains, achieved partly by fitting central locking to InterCity trains. The statistics for Railtrack's area of responsibility show three passenger deaths — three more than BR's lowest recorded levels of no deaths in train accidents in 1980, 1982, 1985, 1990 and 1992-3.

ONE factor in Railtrack's "profit" of £189 million is that it does maintenance and repair work to suit its accountants not its customer's customers.

Railtrack is not accountable for delays to rail passengers or companies using rail freight since they are the customers of train operators who are independent of Railtrack. This could explain why it has taken Railtrack nine months to restore the Argyll line in Glasgow after tunnels and underground stations were flooded last December. ScotRail and Strathclyde Passenger Transport Executive, not Railtrack, have faced the music.

Merseysiders have also suffered long closures of the loop-line tunnel under Liverpool because of groundwater. And thousands of passengers were inconvenienced last month when the West Coast mainline was closed near Rugby due to a derailed freight train and Railtrack spent a week repairing damage BR would have fixed in a couple of days.

The next eight months will see a different timetable on the Great Western mainlines to the West Country and South Wales almost every Saturday as Railtrack causes huge inconvenience and confusion with engineering work, programmed no doubt to save cash for Sir Bob Horton's bonus next year.

'Dr B. Ching'

Letters

Private Eye

Perchance to dream

Sir,

Touched and delighted as I am by the Marquesa's new-found interest in my theatrical well-being, it is I fear her vast army of backstage informants who have been dozing on the job rather than me.

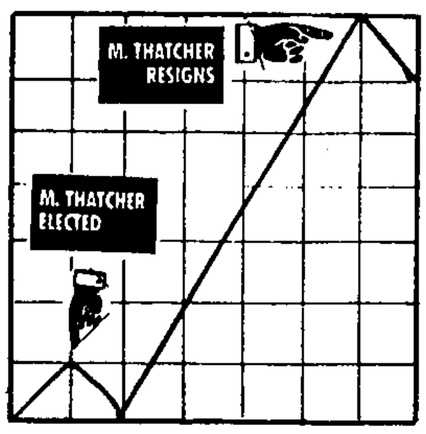
First, they find me asleep when I was merely wishing I were ("Sleep, Sir, is also a form of dramatic criticism: besides, I always wake up for the interval" — Bernard Shaw, 1897) and then they find me in theatres where I have not even arrived.

I carefully did not attend the Young Vic matinee of THE TEMPEST *precisely because I did not fancy the day-long marathon to which the Marquesa refers. As for the free drinks in the* BINGO *interval, these were offered, as I recall, not by the "UK taxpayer" (when did you last see any of them queuing up to buy drinks for drama critics?) but by the sponsors of the production. What's more, they were in sealed six-pack containers. I was not alone among critics in refusing one of these, though I may have been alone in congratulating myself (wrongly as it turns out) on thereby avoiding ending up starring in a* PRIVATE EYE *paragraph.*

As for "actors cruel claims", it is just possible that thespians recently savaged by me may not be the most impartial witnesses to my state of health; if this is what they think I write about them when I'm asleep, just wait till I catch them when I'm awake.

Yours,
SHERIDAN MORLEY.

Hard graphed



Sir,

*After all the lies and damned lies about Margaret Thatcher, you now stoop to statistics (*EYE *876).*

Was the "British Management, Part 21" graph drawn in fun, ignorance or malice? For the benefit of any of your readers who failed "O" level maths, would you point out that the annual GDP figure gives the percentage rise or fall from the previous year and not from some fixed point.

The enclosed shows approximately how the graph should look, based on your information.

Yours faithfully,
HORACE HEATON,
Harrogate, Yorks.

Muscular Christianity

Sir,

Autumn draws on and up here in Shipley we are about to hold our 9th Ha-Ha-Vest Festival, replacing the more traditional Harvest Thanksgiving. I introduced this fun event because, being a fairly urban community, agricultural surplus is really a thing of the past. Instead all parishioners don a fun vest or singlet for a fun service. What is most heartening is that young and old, male and female, black and white all seem to partake of the spirit.

However, at a planning meeting for this year's event, an elderly parishioner informed me that perhaps our little local celebration may not be unique and that your organ may have archive stills of a similar event in the south of the country. Could you please send me a copy of this material, or would it be too much to ask you to reprint a small representation of this event if you have retained copies, as I would like to illustrate my talk to the Sunday School on the big day?

Thank you in anticipation of your kind help.

Yours faithfully,
MARK C. ASHDOWN,
Festival Coordinator, Shipley, West Yorks.

Mystic Garry

Sir,

I am not now, nor have I ever been a "gay-hater", obsessive or otherwise. Neither am I psychic, which I would have needed to be to have reviewed a show broadcast on the evening of 30 August in a column written on the 28th and published on the morning of the 30th.

I reviewed the National TV Awards in the SUN *(6/9) and on Virgin Radio (31/8). While my views on Michael's personal dilemma have been expressed in the* SUNDAY TELEGRAPH *(3/9) and broadcast for a full five minutes on Channel 4 (1/9).*

Apart from that it is true to say that I have kept my thoughts to myself. Carry on the good work.

Much love,
GARRY BUSHELL.

HUSBAND
What a charming item. How long has it been in your family?
ANTIQUE ROADSHOW
Er.. about ten minutes....
I snatched it off some geezer in the street

Strictly for the birds

Sir,

Re: Down On The Farm, EYE *880. It has been decided by some farmer in Lincolnshire that the demise of the song bird in the countryside is due to the lack of "food" animals being there and the loose feed and muck that which the birds fed off. So New Muckspreader's insane logic puts the blame on vegetarians for the lack of these animals!*

I always knew that farmers were a sandwich short of a picnic and New Muckspreader confirms this. To be charitable, perhaps s/he is so new to the job that s/he hasn't yet read the data that we in fact have ever more animals going to slaughter year on year (over 700 million at the last count) and that it is **farmers** *who don't allow these animals the freedom of the countryside. Farmers much prefer to "raise" food animals by the factory farm conveyor belt method.*

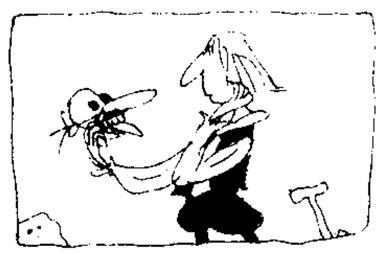
So while I can appreciate that as vegans and vegetarians we get on the tits of and frighten the farming community, it really is going too far to blame a group who has less than nothing to do with loss of songbirds in the fields.

Equally if New Muckspreader is that concerned that barley barons now exist (farmers all of them) s/he should turn her/his wrath on meat eaters. For much of the monocultured plains you now see as you hurtle down the motorway are growing crops, not for human consumption, but to feed the factory farmed animals.

Yours sincerely,
SARA STARKEY,

London NW3.

LUVVIES



Amanda [de Cadanet] went into therapy the day she found out she was pregnant, and intends to continue, possibly forever. She talks incessantly about herself, her feelings, her needs and how other people see her. "I consider therapy to be one of the most positive, affirmative steps I have taken in my life. Because to be able to say 'I have dysfunctions, I understand I have to sort them out', that's the biggest gift you can give yourself."

Telegraph Magazine

Submitted by Janice James.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

Beastly behaviour

Sir,

The notion that vegetarianism is destroying Britain's wildlife is entirely unfounded.

Yes, hedgerows are important to present day fauna. The ideal habitat for much of British native animals is climax vegetation, ie broad leaf forests.

Deforestation to provide grazing has had the most severe effect on British species. It is a mistake to blame the tofu brigade for a drop in wildlife numbers. Wildlife existed in this country long before intensive arable and livestock farming methods were invented.

A vegetarian Britain could easily be a net exporter of food, while reforesting 80 percent of all current farmland.

Yours, expecting some redress,
G.J. NEALE,

London SE1.

Lookalike

Fishburn

Archer

Sir,

Is Dudley Fishburn really Jeffrey Archer? I think we should be told.

Yours,
M. FULLAM,

London W11.

Sods law

Sir,

Re: Worm's Eye View (EYE *879). Me an' the lads in the pottin' shed didn' 'arf larf when we read Pillocki's article about maintenance of buildings in our parks. You see, we'd found a copy of* PRIVET EYE *in the toilets along with the usual Tom and Jerries and we thought it 'ad got sum't to do with evergreen hedges (privet y'see — ger'it?).*

We like reading wot Pillocki writes, specially when 'e goes on about Lord Pullinbimbo but this time we all thought it was a load of hollyhocks. You see, we're not as daft as 'e thinks. Some of us 'as got lots of learnin' about landscapes at universities an' we know the value of these fine buildings in the park scene. I'll tell 'im this though, they look bloody awful when they've been vandalised every other day for a year, an' the wife can't get out the park lodge gate for all the bricks wot 'as been lobbed at the front door overnight.

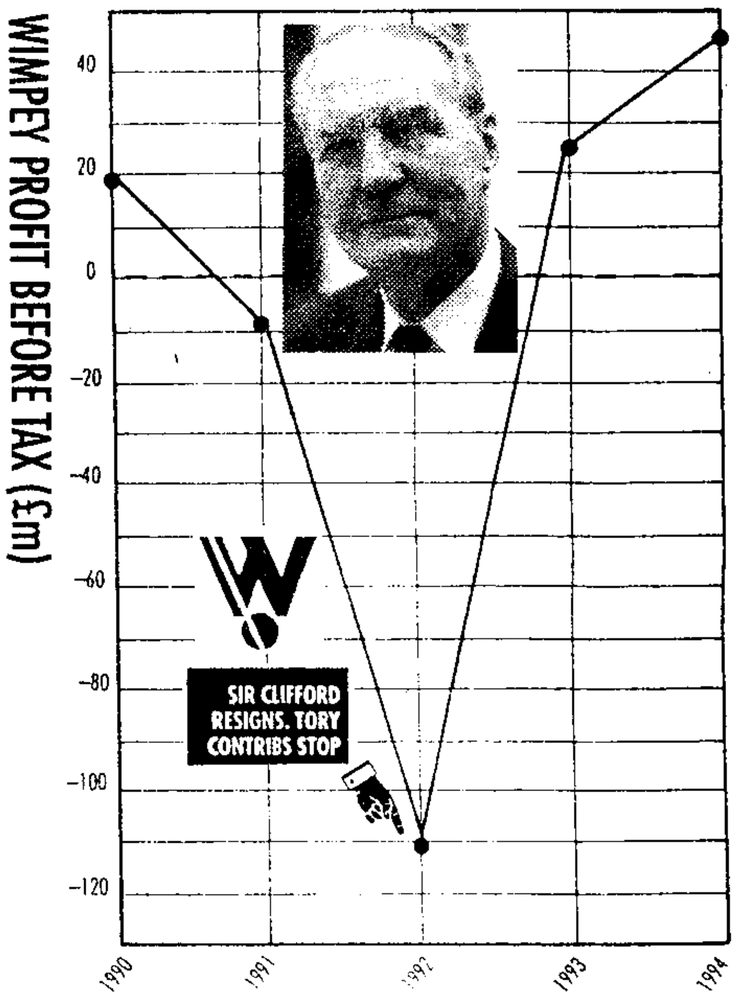
So the lads, who know a load of well rotted horseshit when they see it, asked me to say that the horrendous cost of maintaining buildings in public parks throughout Britain is not for slappin' on the odd coat of Dulux. It's for puttin' them back together nearly every mornin' after the night before. 'An if Pillocki comes back an' starts rabbitin' on about effective security, me an' the lads will give 'im the old Edward the Second treatment with the blunt end of a hoe.

Yours most humbly,
CAPABILITY FORELOCK,

Swanley, Kent.

British Management Part 26.

SIR CLIFFORD CHETWOOD. Chairman Broadgate plc, Former President Building Employers Federation, Chairman George Wimpey plc until 1992 (when Wimpey also axed donations to the Conservative Party).



George Wimpey Pre-Tax Profit			
1990	£19.9m	1992	-£111.6m
1991	-£9.4m	1993	£25.5m
		1994	£45.1m

Habit forming

Sir,

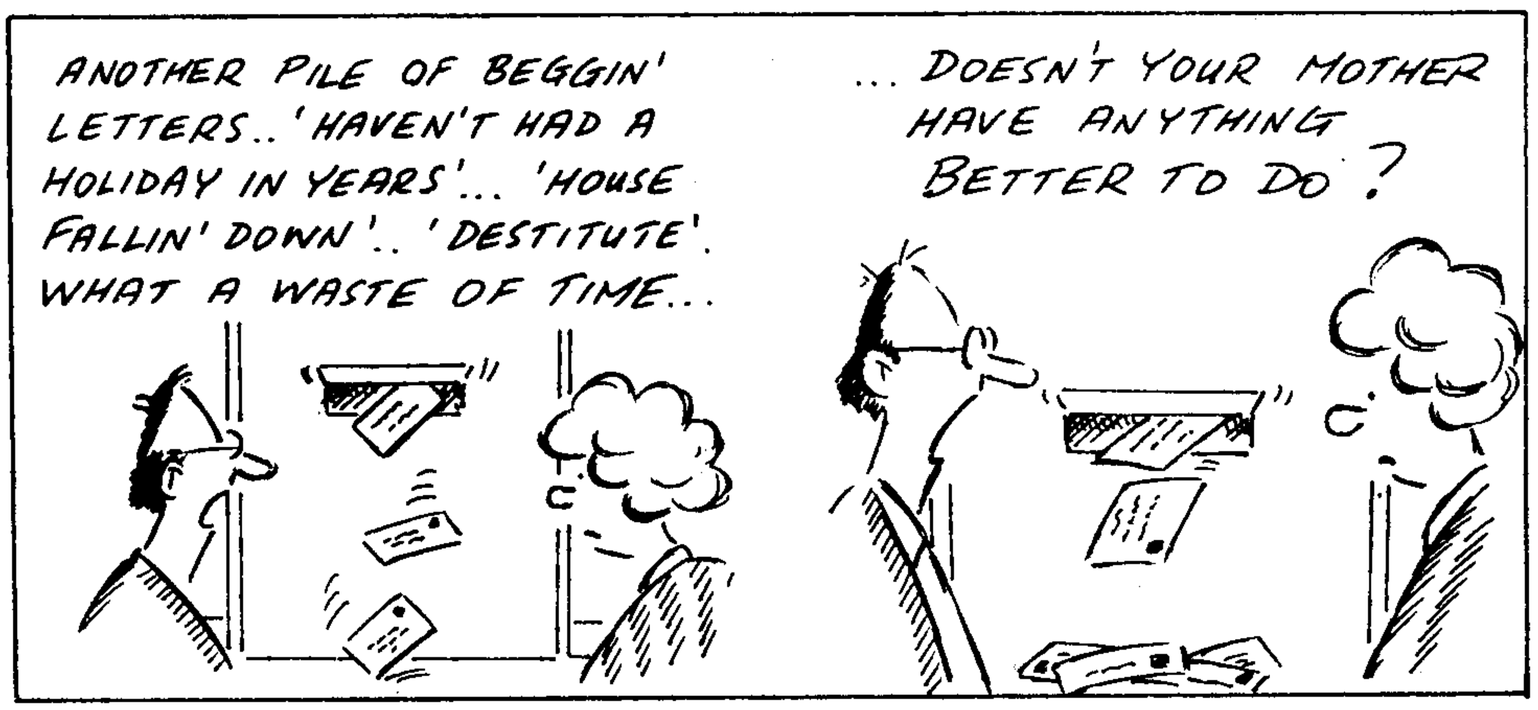
Sneering at third world press stories is your stock in trade, but I thought it was 30 years since men last suggested that women enjoy being sexually abused (Cartoon and story, Funny Old World, EYE *880). However, it seems that if you adopt a minority lifestyle and occasionally wear odd clothes, you're still fair game. Perhaps your cartoonist didn't know that nuns are women?*

The sisters (not nuns actually) at Larne might want to put the experience of their streaker behind them because they're busy with their continuing contribution to the peace process. Pity about PRIVATE EYE.

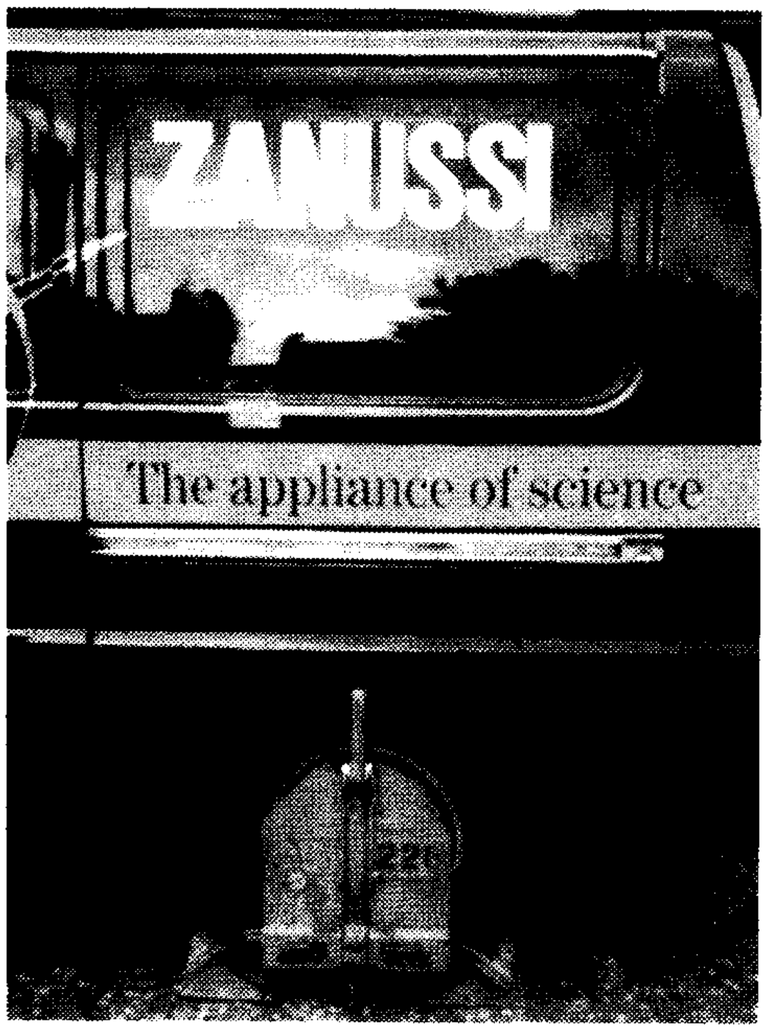
Yours etc.
MARGARET EVANS,

London E17.

THE LOTTERY WINNERS — MIKE TURNER


ANOTHER PILE OF BEGGIN' LETTERS.. 'HAVEN'T HAD A HOLIDAY IN YEARS'... 'HOUSE FALLIN' DOWN'.. 'DESTITUTE'. WHAT A WASTE OF TIME...
... DOESN'T YOUR MOTHER HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO?

I-SPY



Submitted by Keith Waldegrave. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Grate idea!

Sir,

Surely it is now time for all right-thinking cheese-lovers to contribute to a Cheeseballs fund to help Humphrey Errington. If you'll set it up, I'll send you a tenner.

Yours,
BRIAN J. GOGGIN,
Castleconnell, Ireland.

Train droppings

Sir,

I am currently researching a book about South West Trains to be called "A New Concept In Public Transport". Among those sources I have consulted is PRIVATE EYE. *I have been consistently disappointed by the negative tone of your comments on this subject, and ask you to correct at least one popular misconception about SWT.*

SWT operates a Drop By service, whereby, if the train starts and sufficient staff turn up for work, a train may drop by at your station some time during the day. However, a work of fantasy called "Timetable" has been causing considerable confusion among travellers on SWT, who have been led to believe that the company purports to schedule its trains after this fashion.

That no SWT trains has ever been known to run to times in any way remotely resembling those found in "Timetable" should exonerate them from any such intention. This publication is fraud, written by idiots to mislead the travelling public and should be ignored.

Yours sincerely,
J.P. DESBOROUGH,
Southampton, Hants.

Bottom marks

Sir,

Your Latin paper for girls in EYE *880 richly deserved 10 out of 10 for humour, but it was scarcely worth 5 out of 10 for Latin grammar. What an example to set to your younger readers! In order to avoid sowing confusion and illiteracy among the younger generation of Latin scholars (always assuming there are any left), you owe it to them to publish a correction along the following lines:*

Puella amat Magistrum
Puella vendit fabulam tabloidibus
Magister dismissus est.
Slagga ridet per omnem viam ad NatWestum.
Now please write it out correctly 100 times before the next issue appears.
Long live the dead language,

Yours sincerely,
C.D. BANKS,
Maidenhead, Berkshire.

Camp follower

Sir,

On behalf of all the people who go to Butlins and on behalf of all the people whose use of a northern accent is not for comic effect I would like to say your "The Lottery Winners" was dismal.

Yours,
NICK INCLYNED,
Glen Parva, Leicester.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"I think, there is no doubt, she'll probably qualify for the final."
DAVID COLEMAN, BBC2
(A. Mickel)

"Christie... clearly has hamstring trouble — we think"
DAVID COLEMAN, BBC2
(Peter Coles)

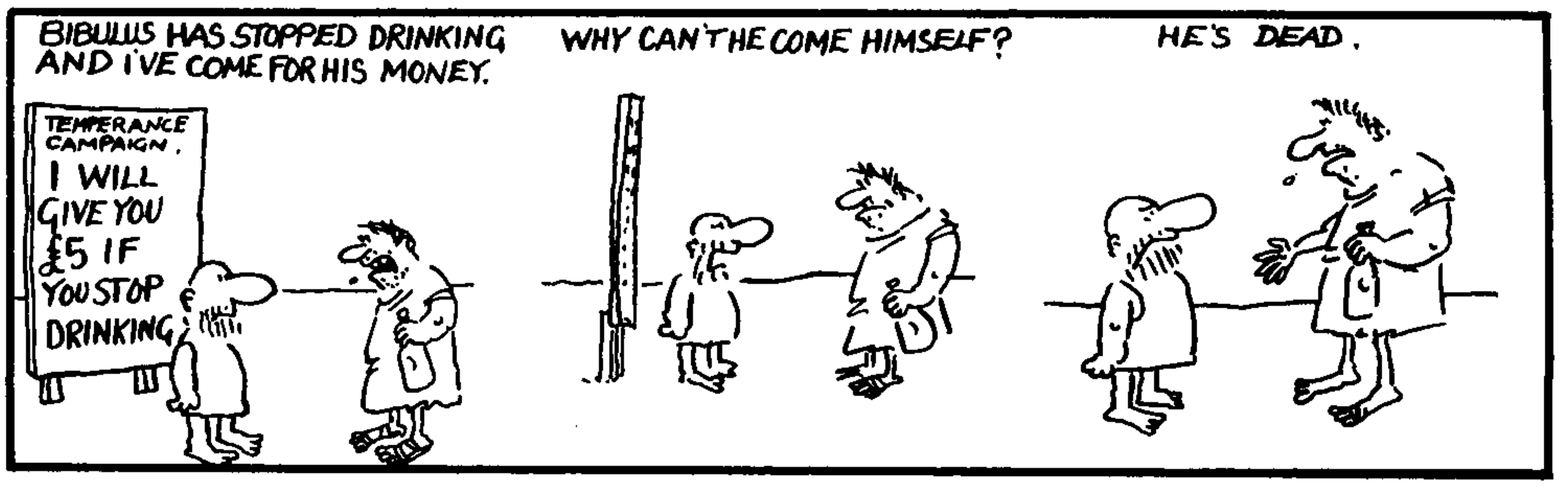
"Even in five years' time he [David Coulthard] will still be four years younger than Damon Hill."
JONATHAN PALMER, BBC1
(Ms A.J. Upjohn)

"I have the feeling she [Manuela Machado] is an athlete who likes to get away from the opposition."
DAVID COLEMAN, BBC
(Chris Page)

Chris Eubank: *Most mornings I run seven or eight miles.*
Big Breakfast Presenter: *That's great. How far do you run?*
Eubank: *Er... seven or eight miles.*
Channel 4
(Dave Abbott)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN


BIBULUS HAS STOPPED DRINKING AND I'VE COME FOR HIS MONEY.
WHY CAN'T HE COME HIMSELF?
HE'S DEAD.
TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN.
I WILL GIVE YOU £5 IF YOU STOP DRINKING

Letter from
The Isle of Man

from Our Own Correspondent

MANX accountants may not be everybody's favourite people, but in the capital of funny money there are hopes that two of their number, Barry Jackson and Ian Griffin, hope to get a fair hearing when the sleazy Agip saga returns to court next month.

The case involves millions of dollars, suspicious deaths and an international prostitution ring, and Griffin and Jackson have new information they hope will sway the court.

The saga began in January 1985 when Agip, the Italian state oil company, suddenly claimed that, via its Tunisian branch, it had been robbed of US$17 million between 1978 and 1985. The money had been passed in regular payments through Tunisia, UK and offshore companies and bank accounts to one Sophie Ben Hassine, a half Tunisian, half Italian woman living in Paris. The two Manx accountants handled the transfers from mid-1983 until Agip called a halt in 1985. They have always said the money was *not* stolen and that the payments were sanctioned by someone high in Agip or its parent company ENI.

What did Ben Hassine do with the money? It has emerged that one of her main activities while based in Paris was procuring male and female prostitutes to pleasure, on Agip's behalf, Arab sheiks and politicos in the oil business.

None of this came out in 1989 when the UK high court found Jackson and Griffin liable for the payments and ordered them to repay the final US$518,000 sent from Agip to Ben Hassine — even though she had received the money. Jackson and Griffin felt they were wrong-footed during the trial when the judge allowed Agip to amend its pleading. The two men now want to force Agip to produce a forensic report made in June 1985 which will help show that the payment orders, which Agip claims were fraudulently altered to facilitate payments to Ben Hassine, were all faked at one time, probably in 1985.

The fakes were altered orders for payment to Agip's suppliers, but no supplier ever complained about not receiving payment and David Johnson, a Coopers & Lybrand partner in Jersey where many Agip companies are registered, found no evidence of double payments or fraud while auditing Agip accounts there.

Agip and ENI have of course been big players in Italy's corruption scandals. They were under the influence of ex-Italian prime minister Bettino Craxi, currently avoiding prison in his Banco Ambrosiana-funded villa in Tunisia.

When Jackson and Griffin took the work over in 1983 they were told Ben Hassine received the money from offshore sources for tax reasons and were given a copy of a contract between Agip and Ben Hassine stating she would be paid for "PR work". What was this "PR work" exactly?

Ben Hassine was sponsored socially in Paris by Wassila Bourguiba, wife of the ex-president of Tunisia, and set herself up as a kind of north African princess. She bought several apartments and racehorses and ran a chain of up-market jewellery boutiques. She also sponsored golf and polo tournaments, and gave lavish parties and entertained mainly key Arab sheiks and politicos from countries involved in the oil industry. Her main function, however, was providing high class prostitutes, female and male, for the dignitaries. She flew them in from north Africa for a night, a week or for however long was needed, the cost of which would have run into millions of dollars over the years — about $17 million perhaps?

The Manx accountants believe Agip was forced to say the money was stolen for political reasons. But getting information is becoming harder. Ben Hassine has disappeared and Bourguiba's wife fled Tunisia. Craxi, whom the accountants think is strongly linked, is saying nothing.

More suspiciously, Ben Hassine's two French associates both died in suspicious circumstances within weeks of each other in 1991.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

COMPILED BY

Victor Lewis-Smith

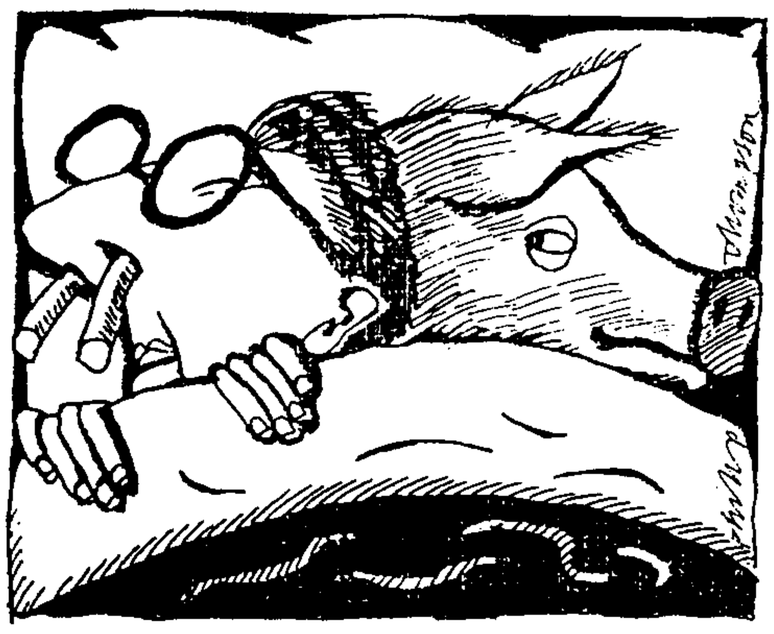
● "Make no mistake," a spokesman for the Bangladesh Secondary School examination board told shocked reporters at a press conference in Dhaka, "we are determined to stamp out cheating during examinations, and these isolated incidents will only strengthen our resolve."

During questioning the spokesman admitted that, so far, all had not gone smoothly during the country's national examinations: "During the first ten days, just over 4000 students have been expelled for cheating, or for physical attacks on monitors. Twenty-four invigilators have so far received hospital treatment as a result of injuries sustained during their work, and forty-seven teachers have been suspended for illegally helping their students. Exams at the Dhaka Medical College had to be postponed last week because student who were unwilling to sit the paper let off home-made bombs in the examination hall. Police have reported savage fighting in a number of schools and in the southwestern districta of Narail on Saturday, a teacher was hackead to death when he tried to stop cheating during final geography examinations. But, otherwise, everything is progressing according to schedule."

Asked who was responsible for such behaviour, he replied: "I blame the parents. Literally, because many parents insist on sitting with their children during exams and helping them with the answers. And, being bigger and stronger, they usually commit the most violent atrocities on the monitors. The ones sitting geography papers are the worst. They're vicious." *(Daily News [Sri Lanka] 12/7/95. Spotter — R.J. Manise)*

— ● —

● **"Dear Aunt Lai Su; I write to your esteemed problem page in the hope that you can help me and my wife with our difficulty. Life for us has always been a bit of a struggle,**



because we have three children, but it is made a bit easier because my wife works in a meat processing factory. We really need the money it brings in. My problem is that even though she is a clean woman and regularly showers, whenever she makes love, as she heats up, I can smell roast pork coming out of her body. I do not like the smell of meat as I enjoy penetration and I would really like her to change her job, but she says that jobs are not easy to get. Is there a solution?"

Agony Aunt Lai Su replied: "Stuff two wads of cotton wool up your nostrils before sex, and be grateful she does not work in a fish factory. Some men write to me about such a problem when their wives do not even work at fish factories." *(The Foreign Post [Philippines] 27/7/95. Spotter — Pat Fenlon)*

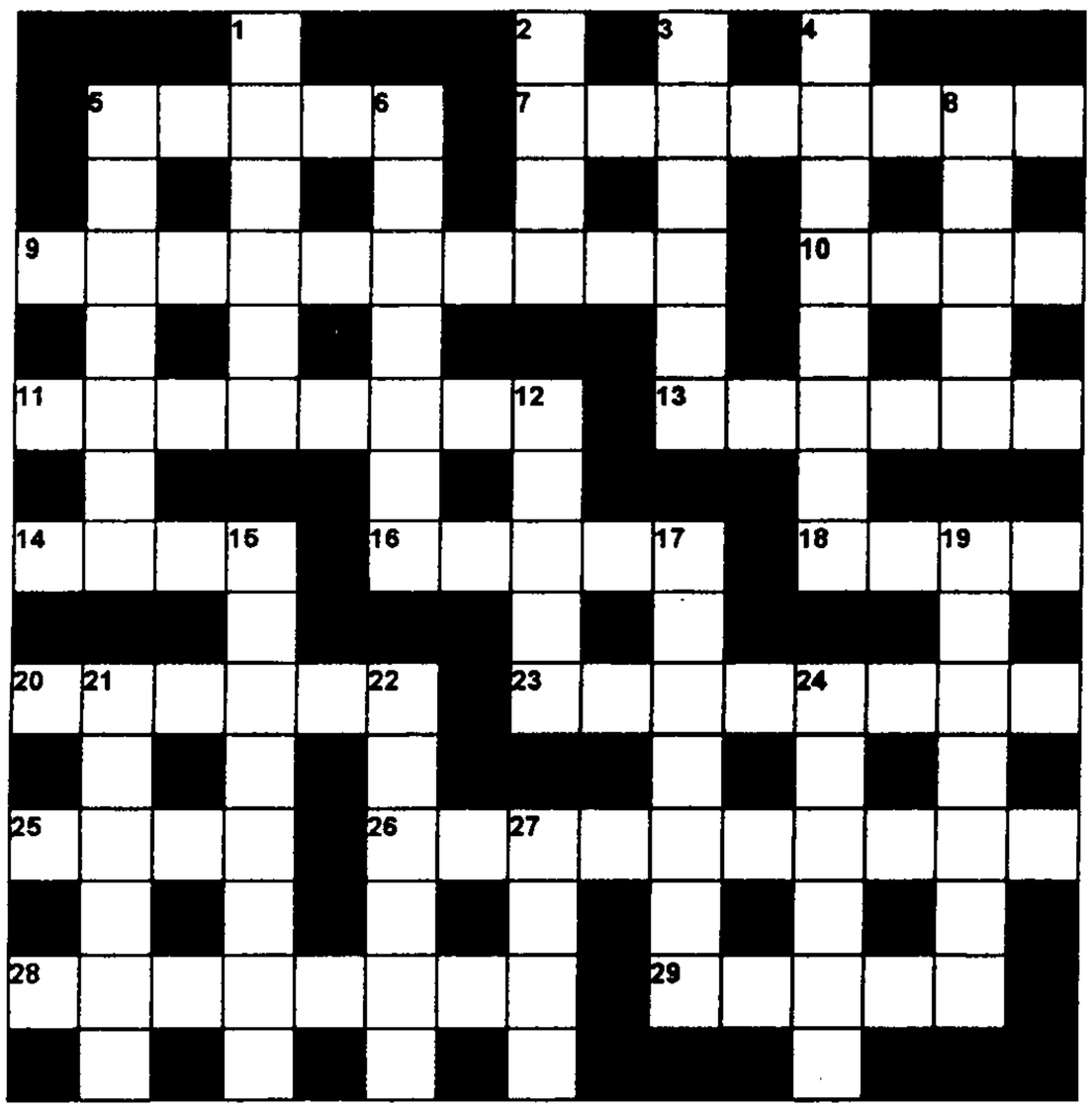
— ● —

● *"We currently have fifty-four prisoners on Death Row and the number is going up every week," complained Vicente Vinarao in a letter to Senator Ernesto Herrara. "Frankly, we've got no idea what to do with them at the moment. Except wait for them to die of old age, I suppose."*

Vinarao, the Director of the Bureau of Corrections, was complaining to the Parliament of the Philippines of the unforeseen consequences of a law it had passed last year, reviving capital punishment. "At present, we are at a total loss as to how to carry out the wishes of parliament, because the Philippines still has no electric chair or gas chamber. The law specifies electrocution as the only permitted method of execution until a gas chamber can be built, but a bolt of lightning destroyed the country's only electric chair several years ago, and the Bureau doesn't have the six million pesos (S$330,460) needed to buy a new one. As for building a gas chamber, work on that was halted by the safety inspector in April after the brickwork was found to be leaking gas. He said the building might be injurious to public health." (The Straits Times, 24/7/95. Spotter — Kevin Roche)

EYE CROSSWORD 37 by Cyclops

£100 Winner BERNARD MARKS



ACROSS

5 Broadcasting fur ad is a white collar crime (5)
7 The state has one bed initially — in run-down Dubai hospital (3,5)
9/24 The time, conventionally, for parties to ramble by the sea? (10, 6)
10 Get horny? (4)
11 Moron Parkinson deserted by his leader and taken in by one little honour (8)
13 Squidgy-like, i.e. not as pure as the driven snow (6)
14 One half-naff familiar newsreader (4)
16 Working? — one should wear a medal! (5)
18 Urges which brought down publicity-seeking junior minister ... (4)
20 ...a minister making tacky connections? (6)
23 Ruined 'names', one a Conservative non-retainer (8)
25/29 You might well hold his organ makes a noble garden feature (4,5)
26 It has a hole ('love region' to a fornicator) (5,5)
28 One who's mated more than once has whopping one on film (8)
29 (see 25)

DOWN

1 Politician's words he might have to eat? (6)
2 Obscenity heard from board member (4)
3/8 It's court for non-PC gays with Elton going on about heroin (6,5)
4 It's Clinton's place to boot out colourless gathering of MPs (3,5)
5 Royal financial advisor? One in Brenda's service? (7)
6 Party on Right ('Family Good') to be found in Surrey (7)
8 (see 3)
12 What Lloyd Webber has to offer makes Hitler associate appear full of sex appeal! (5)
15 One long involved with s and m, dear Aitken would claim no knowledge of such business (4,4)
17 Sing about Little England's supposed root source of well-being (7)
19 Pleased with the mag's sexy look? (4,3)
21 Universal rise of first-class drug brings Shangri-la to some (6)
22 One old plaything of Andy confiscated by Brenda turns up — he's rather raw (6)
24 (see 9)
27 One who sacrificed himself, it's said, for sex (4)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 29.09.95. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 36

ACROSS: 8 Treasury 9 Kuwait 10 Venal 11 Aeroflot 12 In the City 14 Snuff 16 Newgate 17 Allende 20 Idiot 22 Circus act 24 Old flame 25 Hezza 27 Exocet 28 Telethon.

DOWN: 1 Provence 2 Fawn 3 Publicity 4 Dynasty 5 Skirt 6 Two fingers 7 Rip-off 13 High office 15 Black hole 18 Dictator 19 Liberty 21 De luxe 23 Farts 26 Zits.

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

It is all over for Mr Blair. A top-secret document has been leaked to the newspapers saying that Labour "have no ideas and are not fit to run the country". "Sounds familiar," said my wife Norman, when we were eating our bowls of Muroroa Atomic Muesli, a present from Mr Monsieur Chirac after I had sent him a letter of support for whatever it is he is doing. I have no idea what she meant, and it seemed to me a considerably unhelpful remark.

Tuesday

Mr Redwood, who I have now totally forgotten, is not the only the only one to have a think-tank. Oh no. Today I have summoned the whole Cabinet to Chequers for a top-secret, top-down, hands-on conference, to come up with hundreds of brilliant ideas for winning the next election. Mr Mawhinney, my brilliant new party chairman, has been working on the agenda for our discussion.

1. How to win the election.
2. How to come up with hundreds of ideas for winning the election.

We had a very successful meeting which lasted all day, apart from lunch and tea.

Everyone was on tremendous form after their holidays and the discussion in my judgement showed that the Conservative party is by no means a spent force when it comes to having brilliant ideas. Oh no. In fact we were all thinking so hard that for hours nobody said a word. Finally I said: "What about having special tests for five-year-olds?" It was like a flash of lightning. Suddenly the whole way ahead became clear. Mr Blair and his so-called spin bowlers would have to come up with an idea as brilliant as this in a thousand years. The next election is now in the bag.

Wednesday

This morning Mr Heseltine asked me to come through into his office. "Ah John," he said. "Your idea yesterday was a stroke of genius — the tests for five-year-olds, I mean. I think you should personally take the credit for it by announcing it yourself and telling the voters that this is your kind of idea." This showed once again what a generous and loyal supporter he is, and that all the stories about him wanting to take over my job are not inconsiderably wide of the mark.

Thursday

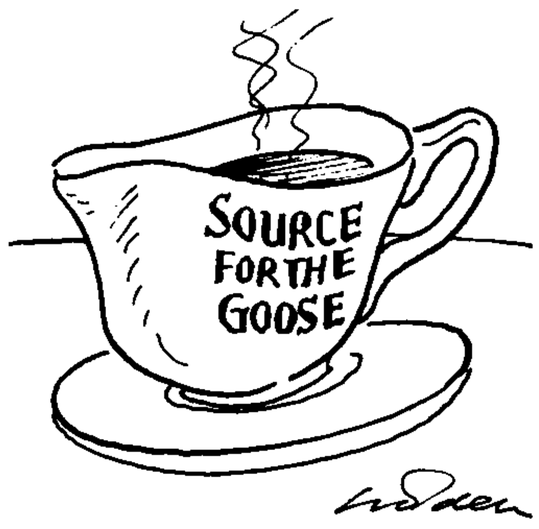
This morning Mr Waldegrave asked to see me about "a very important personal matter". "Do you think I should resign?" he asked, "because my brother has been accused of murder." "Don't be ridiculous," I said. "If all of us had to resign because of our brothers, then I wouldn't be where I am today." I thought this would cheer him up, but for some reason he looked quite disappointed, and went out muttering something about how he had been hoping to "do a Hurd". I don't know what he meant.

Friday

The session at Chequers was obviously much better than I thought. The papers are full of my Cabinet talking about their new ideas. They must have had them whilst I was busy in the *other* cabinet! (This is just my little joke, which was written for me by my brilliant "sound-bite" expert Mr Morris Norris.)

The ideas are as follows:

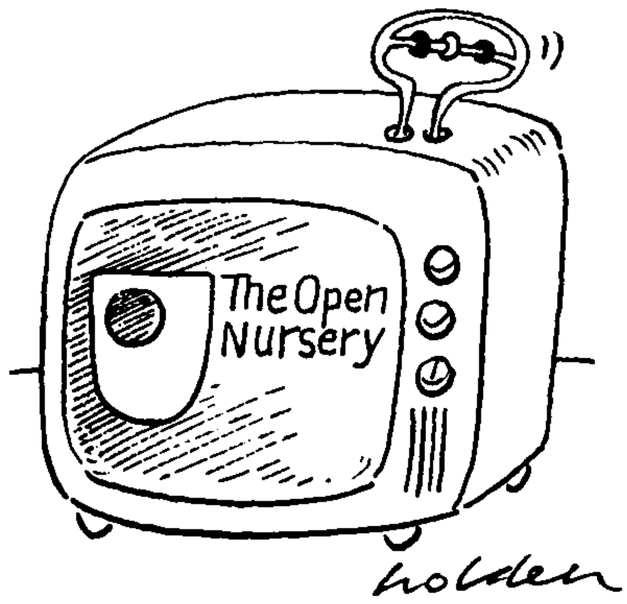
● Mr Howard is having special Boot Camps where young offenders will go to be booted. "It is nothing like the old short, sharp shock," he tells me. "This is a 'sharp, short shock'." And with a boot. To boot.



● Mr Waldegrave has thought of cutting welfare spending by 50%, so we can reduce taxes. Brilliant! Why has no one thought of this before? I think in my judgement I may have under-estimated Mr Waldegrave in making him serve the tea and biscuits, even though we may have to send his brother to one of the boot camps.

Saturday

I was in no small measure surprised to see in the *Daily Telegraph* that Mr Hurd has got a new job as a bank manager. My brother Terry rang me to ask whether I had seen the news. "You must be delighted," he said. "It means that after the next election you might be able to get your old job back." I told him that I was a very busy man and had no time to think about what I would do when we lose the next election, which we are not going to do anyway, because of my brilliant new policy of testing 5-year-olds. "It's a good thing they didn't have tests in our day, John," he said, "otherwise you would never have got into Mrs Tremlett's reception class at primary. When you were five, you couldn't even remember the name of our squirrel, which you kept calling 'Cecil' when his name was 'Cyril'. It's all in my book, on page 186, if you want to buy the paperback, which will be out soon by the way." There are times when I think Mr Waldegrave's brother had the right



idea when it comes to attacking people with breadknives.

Sunday

Mrs Shephard's new idea is *not* a good one. She has decided that our education policy is hopeless and we are not spending enough on schools. I read this in the Guardian (who I thought were my friends because they have begun attacking Mr Blair). This is very unpopular, apparently. If Mr Waldegrave has his way we will have even *less* to spend. Perhaps I will put him back on biscuit duty after all.

The papers are all saying I put sun-cream on my goldfish. How ridiculous! As if anyone would do such a silly thing! I actually put *after-sun* on him because he was already burnt from the sun.

The real story they should be covering is that Mr Blair is obviously unable to control his deputy, who is a much stronger personality than he is and who is more popular in the party. I am glad I am not in *his* shoes.

Monday

Who says Britannia no longer rules the waves? Not me. Oh no. My wife Norman and I were privileged to attend the Last Night of the Proms in a special box belonging to Mr Birt of the BBC. I had been told that Mr Birt was a boring man in glasses who was useless at his job. Not a bit of it! He and I got on very well from the start and discovered we had a lot in common.

The evening was organised by a Mr Drummond who had specially requested that there should be no noisy interruptions. Unfortunately a group of people chose to ignore these instructions and invaded the stage. One was dressed as a Teddy Boy and carried a saxophone (like my brother used to when he worked one Christmas at Woolworth's) and another, who looked like a homeless person on the underground, carried lots of drums. They both made a hideous noise and the conductor tried to stop them by waving his arms. Then a Mr Birt-wistle (obviously a relation of Mr Birt) came forward and persuaded them to leave. We were very grateful and clapped a great deal.

Then the best thing of all happened. All the audience realised that I was in the box and began to sing "Land of Hope and Glory" like at the Tory Conference. Lots of them waved Union Jacks and cheered. Imagine Mr Blair getting such a standing ovation!"

New Nursery Rhymes For Today

This little piggy went to market,
This little piggy stayed at home
This little piggy had roast beef,
This little piggy had none,
And this little piggy went "wee wee wee" because he'd had his heart ripped out and given to some old bloke who'd smoked too many fags.

JOHN KENT PRESENTS
JOHN MAJOR'S SENSATIONAL BIG TOP CIRCUS & MENAGERIE
THEY NEVER LEARN
EDUCATION IS EVERYTHING
RUBBISH! I DIDN'T GET WHERE I AM TODAY WITH AN EDUCATION!

Autumn Books

☐ *A Brief History of Marriage.* Professor Stephen Hawking explains the mysteries of his second marriage and denies the Big Bang theory (Snipcock & Tweed £79.99)

☐ *Ackroyd* by William Blake. Exhaustive study of the tortured mystic who roamed the streets of London in search of "raw material". Was he mad or merely paid too much? (Sincere-Stevenson £99.99)

☐ *Was Tchaikovsky a Composer?* by Anthony Holden-Guess. Author Holden-Guess has researched newly-opened Russian archives and reveals that the notorious manic-depressive, homosexual suicide had a secret life as a romantic composer. (Sucker & Warberg £378.99)

☐ *Stoddy's Animal Farm.* Orwell's parable brilliantly brought to life by Britain's most angry cartoonist, Sir Ralph Stodwell. "In Stoddy's blood-spattered pages, the world of Orwell is totally obscured". (Books 'R Us 99p)

☐ *Vote For Me* by the President of the US, General Colin Powell. An unbiased account of how wonderful General Powell is and how he won the Gulf War single-handed. Published by HarperCollins and serialized in the *Sunday Times*, it paints a vivid picture of how desperately Rupert Murdoch wants to suck up to him. *(That's enough books. Ed.)*

THAT LIB DEM MANIFESTO IN FULL

1. We're not Labour.
2. We're not Conservative.
3. We're not going to win.

© Paddy Pollsdown

With your* Sunday Gnomograph *next week

THE NEW *SUNDAY GNOMOGRAPH* MAGAZINE

A thoroughly different Sunday magazine with a quintessentially English flavour — edited by world-famous Old Etonian Alexander Chancellor

Don't miss in next week's issue:

● The World of Grass — lots of pictures of grass by top photographer Tony Chancellor (no relation).

● Is Your Loo Seat Valuable? Clarissa Chancellor (no relation) goes into the smallest room in search of treasure.

● Going For A Stroll — A new weekly column by Quentin Chancellor (no relation) takes a fresh look at a traditional English pastime.

● A Nice Cup of Tea — Tarquin Chancellor (no relation) takes a sideways look at our most popular national beverage.

● My Sunday — Lady Alice Lennox-Chancellor reveals her favourite weekend pastime — taking the *Sunday Telegraph* magazine down to the recycling depot. *(That's enough. Ed.)*

Great Bores Of Today.

"... did you see that report? all these people who call themselves vegetarians actually admitted that they eat meat once a week or more I mean talk about hypocrisy there are supposed to be six million vegetarians but it doesn't mean much if they all keep nipping out for a hamburger or a steak I mean I'm a vegetarian and I have been for two years now and if you really care about animals you know veal and battery hens and ducks and everything you just don't consider meat as part of a morally defensible diet I am very strict myself I eat no meat ever except occasionally I have fish chicken if it's organic and free range and turkey at Christmas obviously oh and bacon sometimes this morning I even had a sausage you've got to be open-minded I mean you can't eat salad for breakfast can you? ..."

SHOCKING 'ACCIDENT' AT NUCLEAR PLANT

by Our Environment Staff **Rod Meltdown**

BOSSES at the nuclear power station, Wylfail, admitted yesterday to a "major blunder" which threatened the whole future of Magnox reactors in this country.

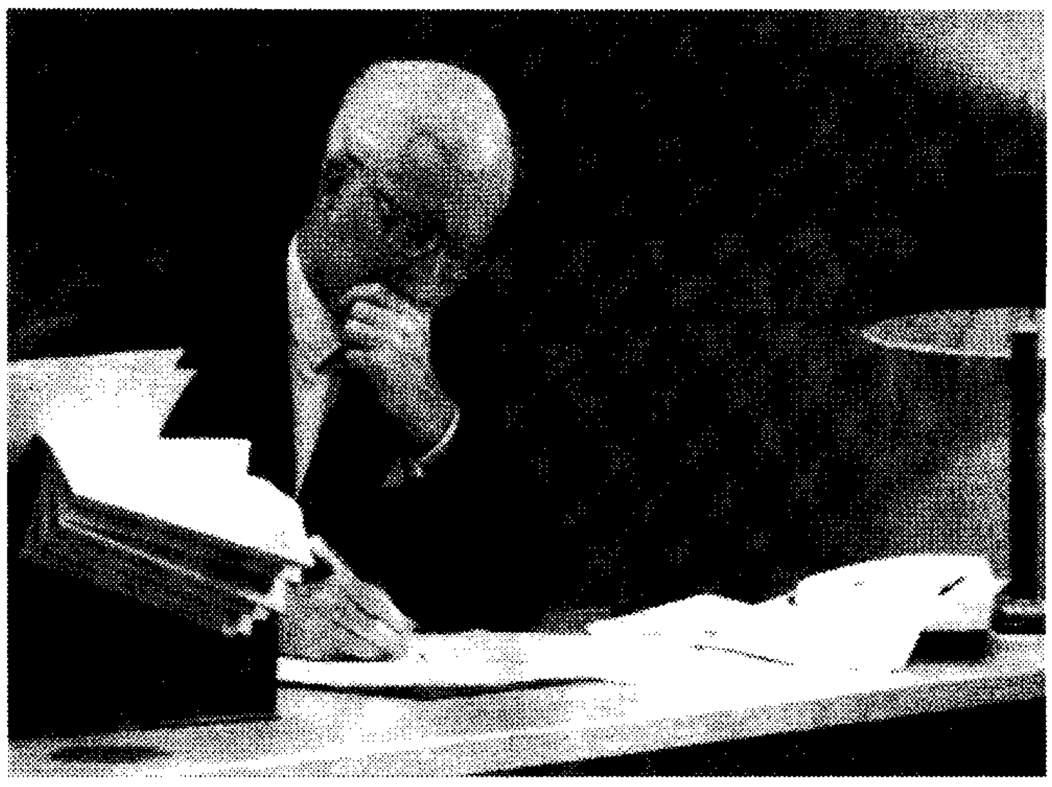
"It was a terrible error. We should never have been found out," said Ivor Bigge-Bonus, the Director of Wylfail.

"All the normal safety mechanisms to stop this story leaking failed. It was a million to one chance that the details should have been released."

He continued: "Rest assured that this sort of incident will never happen again. We are going to stop cutting corners and invest money in a much bigger and more efficient PR department. This will create conditions where we can be 100% certain that our share options are not threatened with meltdown because of contaminated news stories."

YELTSIN ATTACKS NATO OVER BOOZNIA

ADVERTISEMENT



Your Money is in Safe Hands at the NatWest

We at the NatWest pick our staff with care.

Take our Mr Hurd, the new manager of our Witney branch.

Thirty years of experience has made him uniquely qualified to advise you on how to pour your money down the drain.

If, say, you were a small Malaysian businessman needing a loan of, say, £234 million to build a dam, who better to advise you than our Mr Hurd?

There'd even be some spare cash left over for you to put in your own deposit account (£200 million).

And he's very clued up about the wider world of economics outside Witney.

He was one of the first to see the huge benefits of going into the European Monetary System.

He won't want to boast, but we can tell you privately that our Mr Hurd lost £50 billion in an afternoon on that one!

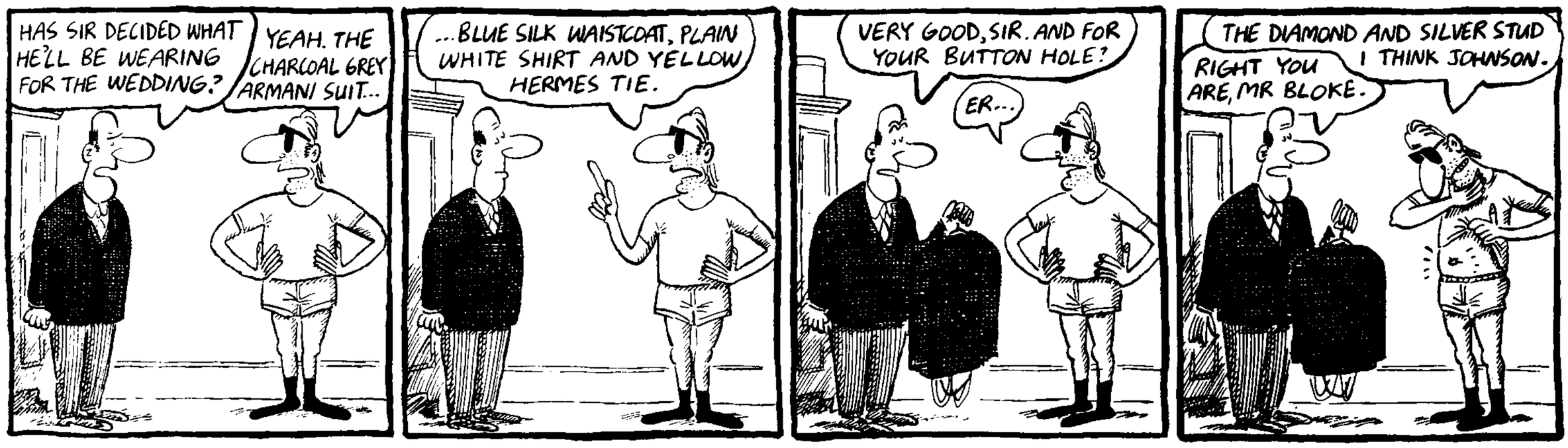
And now he's making £200,000 a year, just for three days work a week.

If he's doing that for himself, just think what he could do for you! (Nothing.)

Yes, make no mistake! His hands are in the safe *(shurely 'a safe pair of hands'? Ed.)*

Celeb

LIGGER


HAS SIR DECIDED WHAT HE'LL BE WEARING FOR THE WEDDING?
YEAH. THE CHARCOAL GREY ARMANI SUIT...
...BLUE SILK WAISTCOAT, PLAIN WHITE SHIRT AND YELLOW HERMES TIE.
VERY GOOD, SIR. AND FOR YOUR BUTTON HOLE?
ER...
THE DIAMOND AND SILVER STUD I THINK JOHNSON.
RIGHT YOU ARE, MR BLOKE.

BBC Exclusive

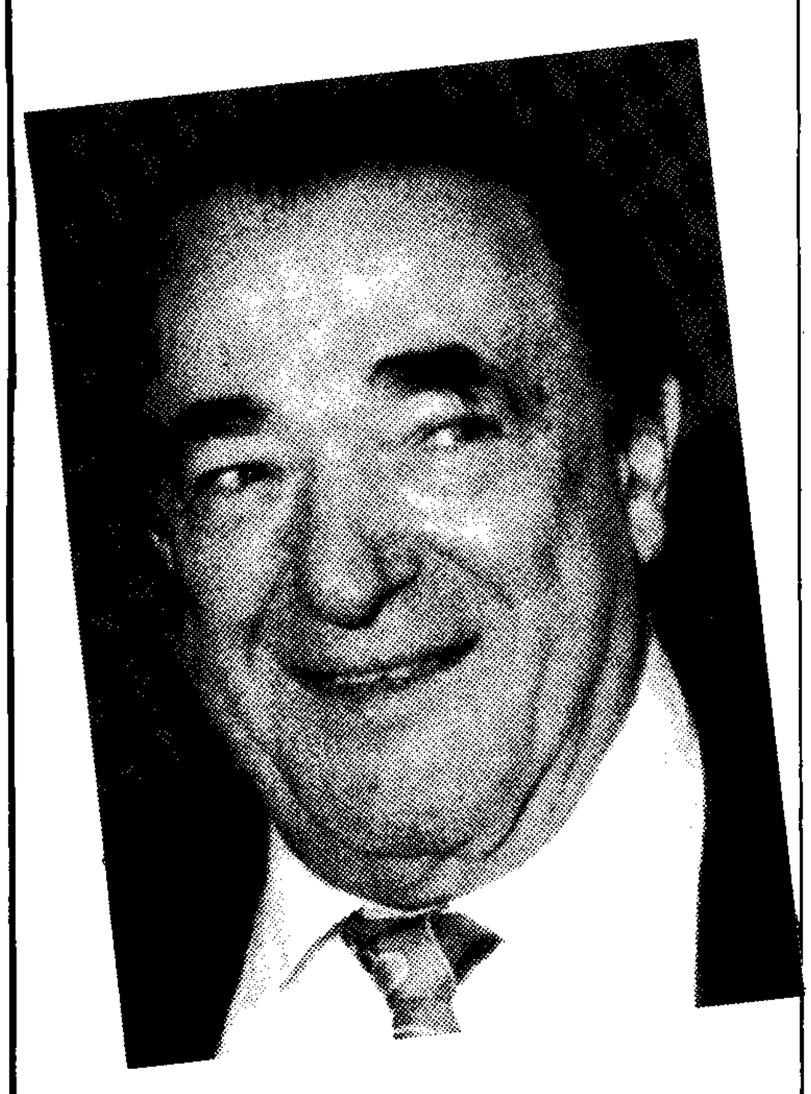
SIR DAVID FROST interviews the late ROBERT MAXWELL not in prison

(Silly music. Shot of Frost and Maxwell surrounded by flames)

Frostie *(for it is he)*: Bob, looking back on those extraordinary events of late 1991, what are your feelings about them now?

Maxwell: Well, David, I feel in retrospect that I could have been more honest and perhaps less — how can I put it? — dishonest.

Frostie *(looking at research notes which he has never seen before)*: Do you think that you are essentially blameless and



that the true culprit is the regulatory system?

Maxwell: You're right, David. Someone in authority should have stopped me. It was criminal the way I was allowed to just take all that money and gamble it away.

Frostie *(pretending to be well-informed)*: What sort of figures are we talking about? £50 million?

Maxwell *(laughs)*: I know they look a lot in the headlines but you have to remember these are just figures — its not as though it was my money.

Frostie: So that's alright then. Now, if we may, let's get down to the really importanat issue. How did your wife Betty take it when you told her that you had lost all this money and you were covering it up?

Maxwell: Well, looking back David, I could have been more truthful with Betty — it was terribly hard for her and very very hard for me having to keep lying all the time. Lesser men would have gone under much sooner.

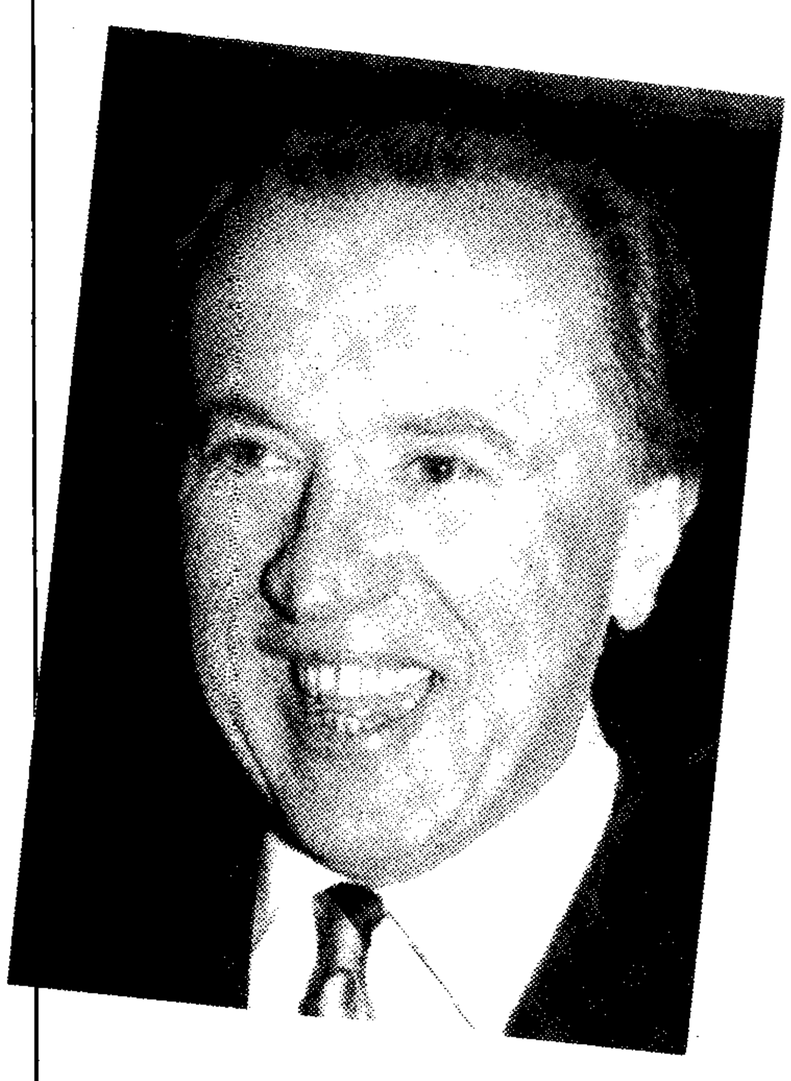
Frostie: I can see that, Bob. Yes. *(Nods sympathetically, then suddenly remembers that he is supposed to be the world's toughest inquisitor)* But surely, Mr Leeson, you were guilty of a massive fraud?

Maxwell: I can't talk about that, David. It's sub judice. I can only talk about things that present me in a good light and gain public sympathy. It's in your contract.

Frost *(reading contract)*: Oh yes, so it is. So Bob, as a final question, can I ask you whether you would agree with me in saying that you were totally innocent and if you weren't, you were only doing it to help other people?

Maxwell *(takes out onion)*: That's a tough question, David, but I think I'd have to say "yes".

Frostie: And it was all really someone else's fault?



Maxwell: Correct.

Frostie: Super to see you, God bless you Bob, super, goodnight.

(Silly music and credits)

© *Parathetic Productions for BirtTrash plc*

GNOMES AND SPENDERS

PRODUCT RECALL

CHOCOLATE CAKE

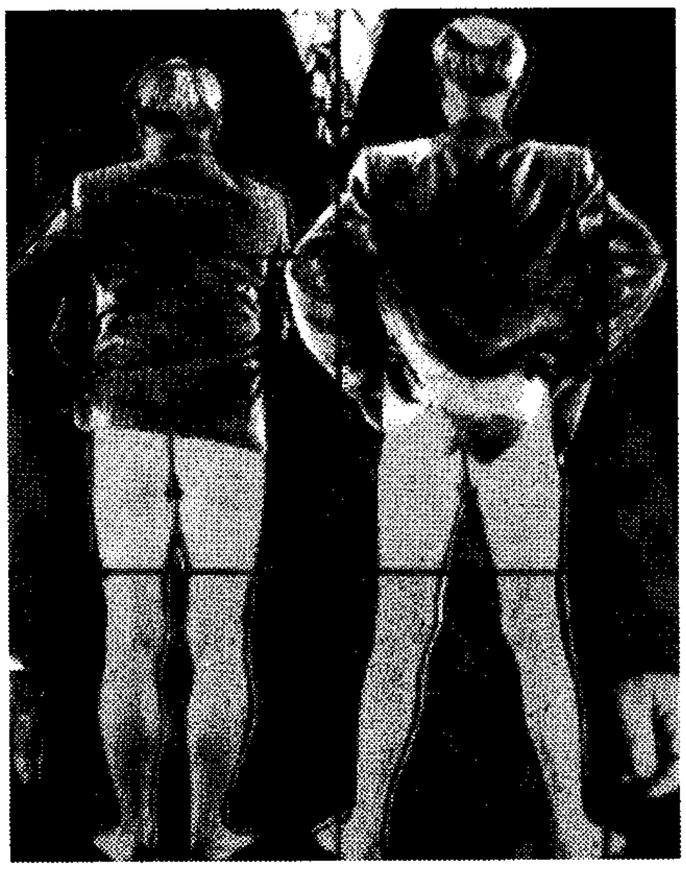
Gnomes and Spenders have identified a possible risk of small pieces of chocolate in the following products.

PRODUCT

Novelty Cakes	Fancy Cakes
Traffic Cone Cake	**Tomahawk Tea Cake**
Ansaphone Roll	**Divine Brown Biscuit**
Crown Prosecution Cup-Cake	**Gilbert and George Shitcake** *(Shurely shome mishcake? Ed)*

This recall applies only to these cakes. Those with little bits of metal in them will not be exchanged on the grounds that they are much tastier.

No other St Patel products are affected



GRAND EYE ART QUIZ

Spot the two turds in this picture

If you think you can see them, write to Gilbert & George Quiz, c/o Private Eye at once, completing the following sentence in no more than 20 words: "I don't know much about arse, but I know what I like..."

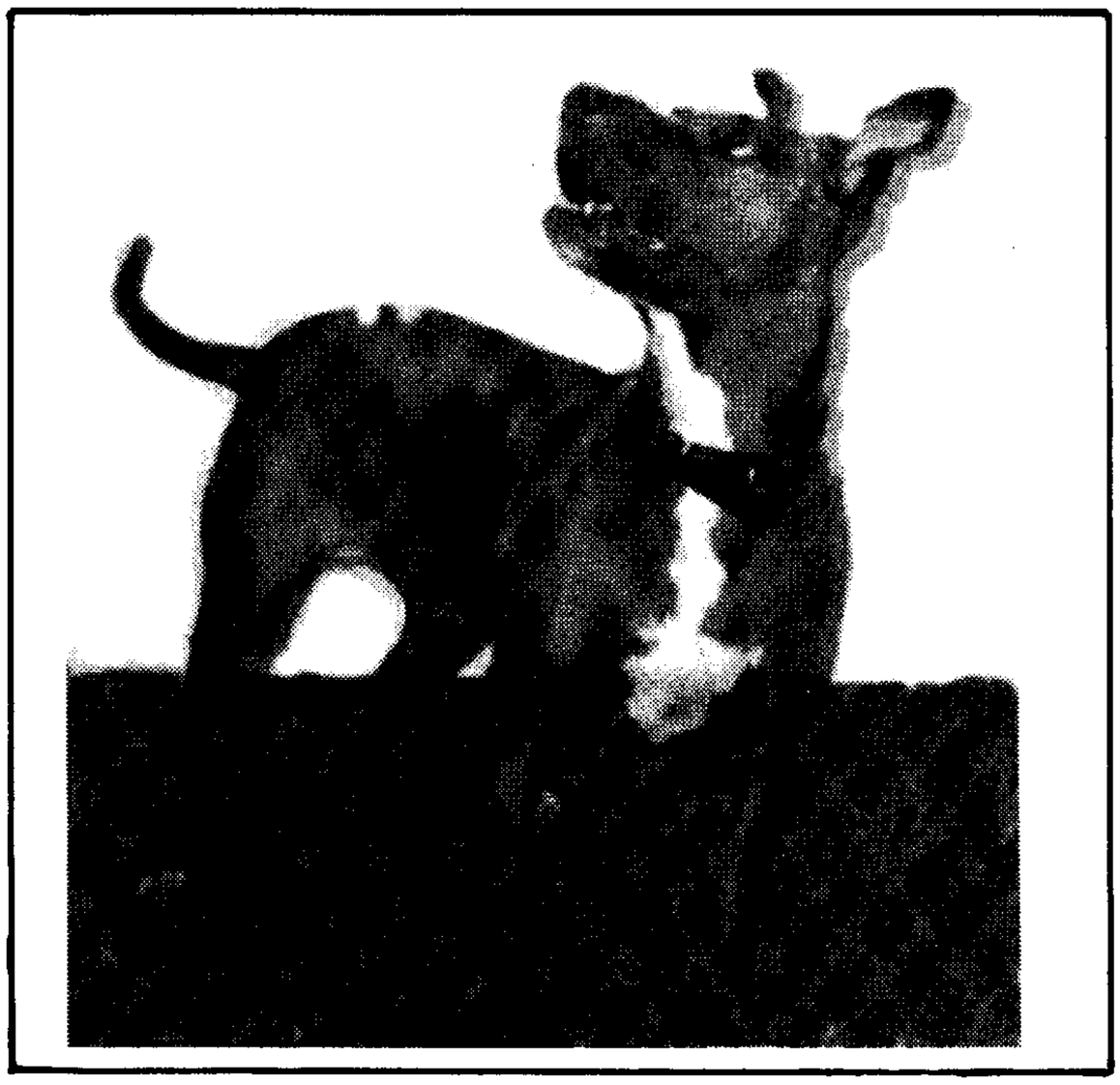
The Doggie Telegraph

Price 2 Bonios

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1995

O.J. Dempsey Trial Continues

By Our Crime Staff J.S. Bark and Sir Alfred Bite



THE TRIAL of the accused pit bull terrier O.J. Dempsey at Bow Wow Street magistrates court today entered its 1,027th day.

Proceedings came to a halt when Mr Justice Cockerspaniel ordered defence lawyers to produce the now-famous blood-stained muzzle which, it has been alleged, Dempsey was wearing when he was arrested.

Reign of terrier

Earlier, defence counsel for Dempsey, Mr Hartley Redsetter, claimed that his client had been a victim of anti-pit-bull-terrier prejudice. "There is no doubt in my mind," he told the jury, "that if Dempsey had been a pure-bred English sheep dog he would not be facing Death Row today."

Videos were produced in which Inspector Nipper of the Yard was heard uttering inflammatory snarls, to the effect that "all pit bulls should be taken to the vet and put to sleep. It is the only language these mad dogs understand."

There is increasing concern in legal circles that the Dempsey trial, which is being followed by 2 billion dogs all over the world, is making British justice a laughing stock.

INSIDE ■ Play the new Doggie Lottery — and Winalot 6 ■ Paul Johnson writes "Bow, Oh Wow" 9 ■ Extremely Funny Cartoon by Mutt 11

LAST NIGHT OF THE PROMS

New Quiet Programme in Full

Brahms' *Lullaby, arranged* **Birtwistle**
John Cage's *Silence (1954)*
Haydn *Symphony No. 94 "The Whisper"*
Mozart's *Eine Kleine Sleepmusik*
Stockhausen's *Concerto for Stringless Violin*
Silent Night, *Ovaltini arr.* **G. Horlicks**

BBC Minimal Orchestra conducted by Sir John Drummond

All seats available *No one allowed in*

THE NURSERY TIMES

Palace Tour 'A Rip Off' Claims Pussy Cat

By our Royal Staff
Humpty Dumpster

A PUSSY CAT who had travelled all the way to London to see the Queen last night furiously denounced the Fairytale Monarchy for what he described as "the worst tourist value for money in London".

The Palace Tour, opened last year, consists of a walk around the corridors of the Palace and costs an expensive 8 chocolate coins, said the Pussycat.

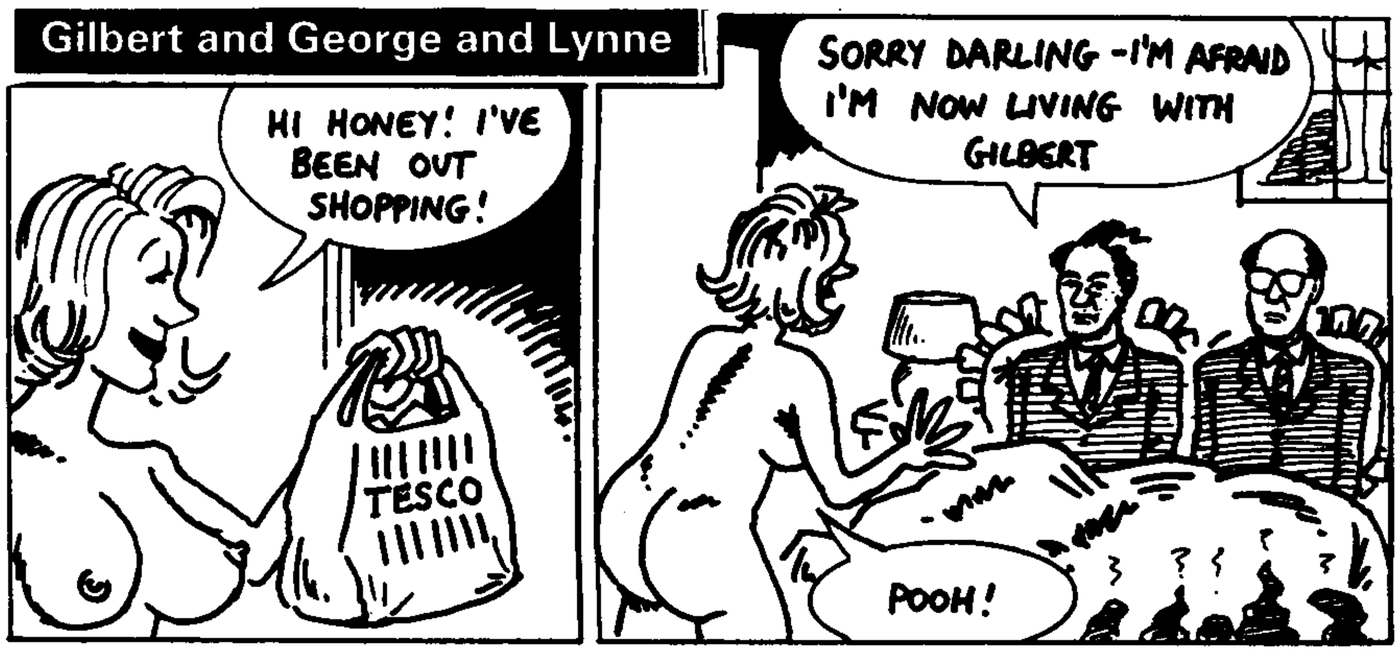
"I came up to London to look at the Queen. But apparently, she was in the parlour, which was private, eating her bread and honey. The King was in the Counting House, to which we were denied access, counting up all our money. It's a scandal."

The Pussy Cat continued: "We were finally shown out through the garden where a maid was hanging out some clothes. The whole thing was little more than a con."

The Fairyland Tourist Board has promised to look into the allegations. The Pussy Cat meanwhile recommended all tourists to boycott the Palace. "You'd have more fun chasing a mouse under a chair," he said.

The Sun's New Comic Strip

Gilbert and George and Lynne



THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

A teenage boy was brought before Bristol magistrates charged with damaging peas belonging to a Frampton Cotterell man.

Western Daily Press

VJ supplement: correction

IN our VJ Supplement included in last week's *Journal*, Mr Robert (Bob) Tall was referred to as Mr Small. We apologise for the error.

Exmouth Journal

"Terrific party, Simon — but don't you think the dead Rolling Stone in the pool dates us?"

The BBC Is Proud To Announce The Most Expensive Series Ever Made At A Cost Of £26 Billion

THE PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

The historic events of our era recalled by men and women who witnessed them from every country to which we hope to sell this series.

Part One:
A New Age Dawns

(Silly music over crackly old film of men in bowler hats walking very fast down the Strand)

Voiceover: The Champs Elysees in 1900 — the centre of the universe. It was a time of hope for a new future — the brave new world they called the 20th century.

(Shot of very old woman in armchair. Caption: "Marie-Celine Jaspan, born 1843")

Mme Jaspan: Je souviens tres bien l'année 1900. C'etait un temps d'esperance pour un avenir nouveau.

Voiceover: But in the snowy wastes of Russia it was a different story. The Czar Solzhenitsyn I ruled with an iron fist.

(Old crackly film of hundreds of serfs digging potatoes in the snow while man on horse whips them over the head with knout. Shot of very old man sitting in armchair. Caption: "Nikolai Jaspanovich, born 1832")

Old Man: Gde tualet *(fades behind translator)* It was always a hard time for us serfs. It was always cold. We all starved to death.

Voiceover: Meanwhile in India 25 Englishmen ruled the destinies of 239 million Indians.

(Old crackly film of men in topees sitting on elephants watching Indians dig holes in ground. Shot of very old man sitting in armchair. Caption: "Colonel Gussington Jaspan-Smythe, born 1826")

Old Man: It was all a very long time ago. I don't remember much about it.

Voiceover: Meanwhile across the Atlantic, science was shaping a new world which was to transform the lives of us all.

(Old crackly film advertising "The Miracle of the Age — McSnoddy's Patent Cast Iron Home Food Freezing Device. Only two dollars fifty cents delivered to your door by our team of highly-trained darkies. Yes sirreee!" Still picture of smiling young negro holding out bucket of ice to southern belle, Miss Bella-Lou Jaspan of Charlotteville, S. Ca. Dissolves to very old black man in rocking chair. Caption: "Jaspan Roll Morton, born 1806")

Black Man: Yessuh. It was mah job to go down to the ice store to fetch the ice to put in this here new-fangled Giant Ice Box. And if I was late the ice would melt and the massa, old Colonel Waugh, would beat me with a stick and say: "You idle nigra bastard." All playful like. How we loved him. And we were real sorry to hear when his magazine the Literary Review had done all closed down, because no folks wanted to read what the Colonel written. No suh.

Voiceover: And so the long summer afternoon of the Belle Epoque continued. But then, out of the blue, in faraway Sarajevo a shot rang out that was to change the history of the world for ever.

(To Be Continued)

The Original Dixieland Jaspan 1912. The great 20th Century party had begun...

"Not Thousand Island Dressing again!"

ADVERTISEMENT

ROYAL NATIONAL TOURING OPERA

DON GIOVANNI

by Mozart

"A stunning new production"
SUNDAY TIMES

"Innovative, exciting and exhilarating"
THE GRAUNIAD

"Unmissable"
TIME OUT

POETRY CORNER

Lines on the Departure of Miss Janet Street-Porter, 49, from the Cable Television Station Live TV

So. Farewell
Then,
Janet Street
Porter.

Famous TV
Person.

Yes, you
Said television
Managers were
No good.

But they can't
Be that
Bad since

They got
Rid of
You.

E.J. Thribb (17½)

The PETER McLIE Column

MAYBE at last it is time for America to have its first black President.

Or is it? I wonder.

Colin Powell would certainly make a fine job of it.

Or would he?

It may be that he won the Gulf War against King Hussein.

Or did he?

After all, King Hussein is still firmly on the throne.

Perhaps it would be better if he took the advice of Sir Roger Bannister and stuck to the 100 Metres.

Or would it? I wonder.

(Don't bother to finish this column. We'll do it in the office. Ed.)

WHEN will the drought ever end? This must be the question on the lips of every Water Board official from here to Tannochbrae.

Six months, and still not a drop of rain. And yet the scandal of the leaking pipes is so serious that every street you walk down is flooded to a depth of four feet.

Isn't it time something was done?

SO THERE has been another sighting of the elusive Earl Waldegrave.

This time in Botswana.

There's no doubt whatever in my mind that he killed his nanny.

Yet many men are driven to commit murder under extreme provocation.

That should not be the excuse for hounding him to the five corners of the earth.

Even so, in my view, it is time he was brought to justice.

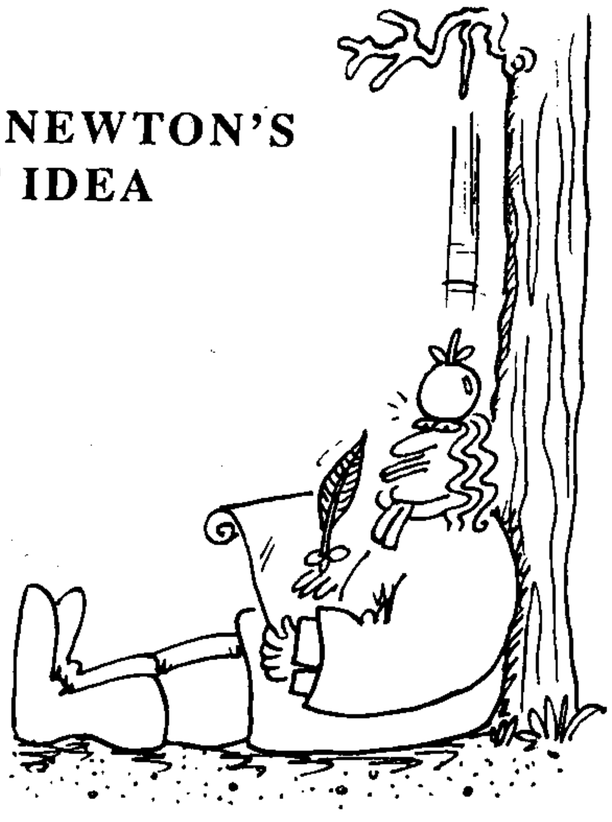
THERE was a programme on the TV last night which I am told was a disgrace.

Unfortunately I did not see it myself.

But there is far too much of this kind of thing nowadays.

(This is the worst column you've ever written. Ed.)

ISAAC NEWTON'S GREAT IDEA



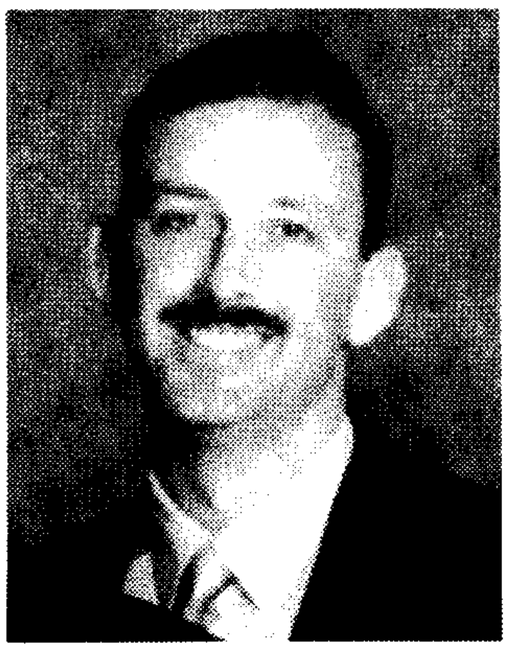
Reprinted from the Grauniad and other right-wing papers

Who are they – the evil men who will run Britain when Blair seizes power?

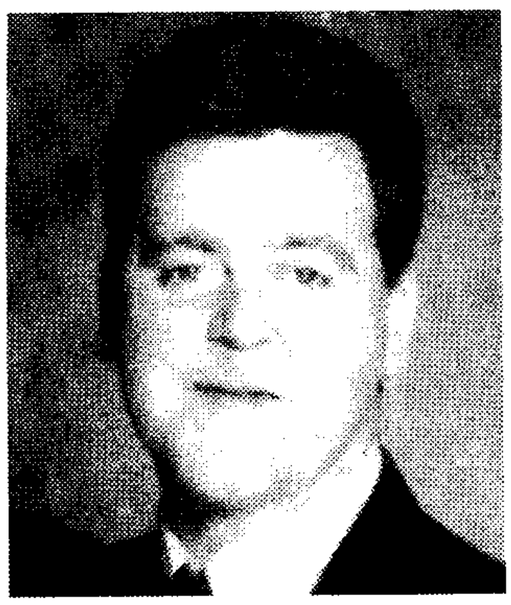
by Seamus Spart

WHO are they, the unelected backroom spin doctors who will be manipulating the puppet Blair when he stages his coup d'etat at the next election?

We don't know, but we've made this up to help John Major win the next election.



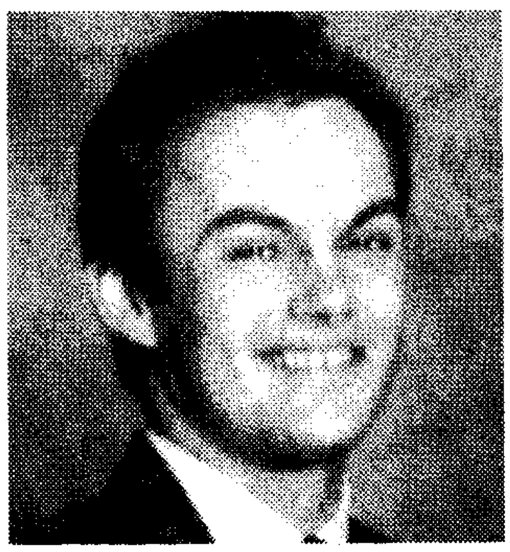
PHILIP GOULD-BLEND, 27, deeply sinister backstairs guru who once met President Clinton. His clients include Winnie Mandela, Walsall Borough Council and Tetley's Round Tea Bags. Half of so-called "Gould-Blend couple", being married to millionaire publisher and socialist Hurricana Bebop.



ALISTAIR CAMPBELL-SOUP, 21, deeply sinister former columnist on the KGB mouthpiece *Today* newspaper. Convinced a whole generation of political reporters that Neil Kinnock was a genius. Now believes Tony Blair is a genius. Coined election-winning slogan "Forward with New Labour" in 1983.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 17, deeply sinister behind-the-scenes composer *(No. Try again. Ed).*

PETER MANDELASON, 23, deeply sinister behind-the-scenes bachelor and Stalinist. Inventor of the notorious "Red Rose" campaign which won Labour the 1987 election. Designer of Blair's smile, and man who coined the brilliant new slogan "Vote Labour".



TONY BLAIR, 41, deeply sinister and totally unelected leader of tightly-knit group of politically correct persons who have taken over the Labour Party, with the secret agenda of winning the next election. Married to Hillary Clinton Mandela. Deeply sinister. *(I think we've got the point. Ed.)*

"Fantastic as it may seem, before I started on Prozac they used to call me 'Grumpy' "

GREENPEACE
An Apology

In common with all other newspapers and media, we may have inadvertantly given the impression that Greenpeace's campaign against the dumping of the Shell Brent Spar oil platform was a heroic blow for sanity and common sense against the callous disregard of the multi-nationals for the environment. When Greenpeace revealed that the platform contained millions of tons of nuclear waste which could have destroyed all the fish in the Atlantic Ocean, not to mention melting the ozone layer and thus destroying the universe, we printed these claims in good faith without checking the facts. When Greenpeace gave us videos and photographs showing themselves racing around in rubber dinghies with balaclavas on we were happy to give these enormous prominence rather than research the story ourselves.

We now realise that, far from being packed with highly toxic waste, the Brent Spar platform contained only the following;

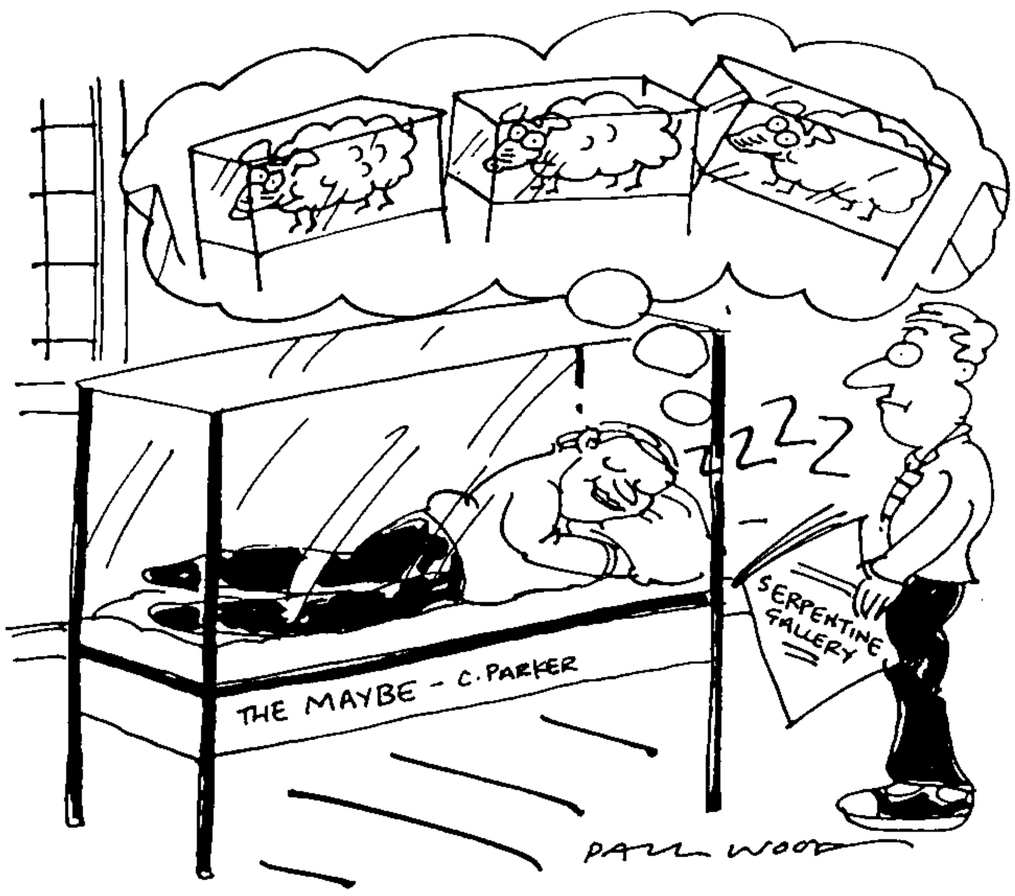
1 old shoe

2 copies *Sunday Telegraph*

3 haddock, slightly dead

212 million gallons seawater

We would like to offer our profound apologies to Greenpeace, who we now accept are a bunch of lunatic Trots whose pathetic propaganda should not have been believed by anyone with a modicum of intelligence.



DIARY

I think I can claim to be one of the very first politicians on either side of the House of Commons to have spotted my own worth. I received my first inkling of this aged 4 when a schoolmistress congratulated me before an appreciative class on some excellent colouring. It was gratifying indeed when the entire class made the effort to stick their tongues out at me in the playground; over the years I became increasingly familiar with this ancient New Zealand ritual for conveying admiration.

I was ahead of my New Zealand contemporaries in other ways too. At children's parties, I would be the first to finish my jelly, never forgetting to wipe my mouth afterwards, nor to say "thank you" to our hostess. Aged fifteen, I came sixth in the whole of New Zealand in English and received a certificate on which the phrase "HIGLY COMENDED" was inscribed by the Chief Education Officer in elegant lettering.

My reputation preceded me in Westminster. Whenever I entered a roomful of my colleagues, few would be bold enough to turn round, a sure sign that I had made my mark. At party conferences, delegates would teeter on the brink of giving me a standing ovation before deciding to sit on their hands, in obvious, not to say flattering, recognition of the fact that I came from "down under".

At Westminster, I continued to prosper, quickly establishing a reputation for being brighter than everyone else put together. The others in Neil's shadow cabinet soon revealed that they knew next to nothing about New Zealand folklore, for instance, and few of them had the foggiest idea of the geography of South Island. I found the vast majority of them stuck in their old ways, resigned to the British suspicion of change. I well remember during the '87 election suggesting to John Prescott that he would do well to study the excellent original methods of the North Island Kimpopo tribe when folding the napkins for dinner. He looked at me aghast. It was then I realised that Britain and the Labour party had abandoned the goals I felt were both necessary and attainable.

Unlike others, I was always intensely loyal to Neil Kinnock. "I don't care what the others are saying about you being such a thick old Welsh windbag," I would endlessly reassure him. "I'm with you all the way until the moment you choose to resign with dignity."

I also remain intensely loyal to the memory of John Smith, even though he struck me as lazy

BRYAN GOULD

and had a pretty tenuous grasp of economic theory. This is not meant as a criticism, for he had a very healthy respect for me, but I sometimes felt he might have been better suited to putting his undoubted talents to use in another department; the Glove Department in Peter Jones, for example.

It is often wrongly assumed that in some way I lost the 1992 Labour Leadership contest to John Smith. In fact, nothing could be further from the truth. It has been said that I only got 10% of the overall vote. While this might remain true on paper, it was far from the reality. Because of the electoral college system, which is restricted to the simple counting of votes, it is a misleading figure. Let me — one of the most respected mathematicians of my generation — explain. If there are ten people in a room, and nine vote for "Smith" and just one votes for "Gould", then this may well seem like 10%. But it simply doesn't take into account their second choices. Of the nine who cast their vote for "Smith", a full 100% would have "Gould" in either first or second place. All in all, therefore, I believe that the true extent of my support in the party was much nearer 100% than 10%, and if you remove all those who were wrongly persuaded to vote for John as the "safe, fat, short-sighted" candidate and then took away the number you first thought of, I would certainly be the leader of the Labour party today, and, many would argue, a very strong Prime Minister to boot. But Britain's loss is, I like to think, New Zealand's gain, and as Vice-Chancellor of the prestigious Wombato University, I have already won a blue rosette for my italic handwriting as well as coming second in the annual inter-varsity noughts and crosses ladder.

In retrospect, I was simply too radical for the Labour Party, too much my own man, too deeply concerned for the future of our nation. The British Establishment is very good at marginalising those it fears. And when you look at the sheer intellectual radicalism of the five main planks of my 1992 political platform, you can see why they had good reason to fear me.

1. Britain in the 1990s. Let's go forward into the 1990s.

2. The Economy. It's vital to make a radical redistribution of wealth. But for heaven's sake let's not persecute those who have it by seeking to remove it from them.

3. Europe. We must go all out to get Britain out of Europe. In due course and bit by bit, just so long as nothing crops up to make us change our minds, in which case we must go all out to stay in.

4. Ethnic Minorities. Isn't it about time we recognised our tremendous debt to ethnic minorities by putting someone from the Antipodes — a New Zealander, say — into Number Ten?

5. The Nuclear Threat. A nuclear bomb aimed in our direction would undoubtedly pose a major threat. We must counter this threat by drawing up plans for a system of very real and hard-hitting discussion papers.

But Britain decided to shy away from my own high standards, forcing me to leave British politics just before John Smith, whom I long suspected of harbouring an unreliable streak, opted to have a heart attack and die. But I have no regrets, none at all, not one little bit, no, none whatsoever, I haven't really, no really I don't. My departure to New Zealand left a gaping hole in our nation's life that could only be re-filled by an immediate by-election at Dagenham and by subsequently transferring my peg at the House of Commons to John Gummer, whose alphabetical rights to it were beyond dispute.

But is with no little personal satisfaction that I have been able to transpose many of my most cherished radical beliefs to Wombato University. For instance, there is a new coffee machine in the senior common room, and the main University library already boasts no less than two copies of my radical new autobiography, both signed at little extra cost. There is still a long way to go — a radical restructuring of the queuing system in the staff canteen is long overdue — but it's early days yet. And if anyone cares to argue with these radical plans, it would ill-behove them to forget that aged ten and a quarter I was the runner-up in the Olumobumo County Debating Prize (Juniors).

"Yes, Bernard's fine, he's just dead heading the children"

In his letter, the Pope set out several positions that many women's rights activists will find attractive,

International Herald Tribune

Bulge in trousers was Ecstasy

Only the Prince of Wales, dressed in an electric blue jacket and black above-the-knee skirt, responded to photographers' calls to pose for a picture.

Western Morning News

Luton on Sunday

Literary Review

Self abuse

Wild Young Bohemians
Kate Saunders
(Century, £12.99)

DO YOU have to be sincere to write a bestseller? Literary idealists have always believed so. They cling to the notion that you can't write *down* successfully.

The real biggies, the Archers and the Cooksons, are doing the very best they can. That is, with a titanic effort they've just managed to haul themselves, slowly and painfully, up to the level of being able to string a story together.

So the theory goes. It's been quite a comfort to hordes of commercially unsuccessful novelists, too. Their books don't sell? Not *bad* enough, you see. Burdened as they are with so much literary intelligence there's not much they can do about it. Shame really!

Kate Saunders is quite a good test-case for this theory. A few years ago she was trying to be a serious novelist and a figure in the books pages. Then she got an enormous advance, in a four book deal, to plummet downmarket and turn out bestsellers. Like any pro she's supposed to leave her personal feelings out of it now. Such books have nothing to do with what a writer wants to write. They're carefully calculated products, jointly manufactured between author, agent and publisher.

Last month, in a documentary about editing hidden away on Radio 3, there was a wonderfully ludicrous demonstration of just what this means. Saunders was heard fine-tuning *Wild Young Bohemians* with her editor, Kate Parkin. In the section we were privileged to eavesdrop, they were gravely discussing the figure of one of the main characters, "Earnestine".

Parkin thought she was "a little bit too fat for her central role". "We don't take terribly fat people terribly seriously in books", she explained expertly. "She goes through hell and she needed to be thin to go through hell."

Saunders claimed Earnestine was only "plumptious", not fat, but in the end she had to give way. "I realised that actually the changes I had to make were awfully small, they were completely cosmetic..." Sure enough, at the crucial moment, Earnestine is to be found shedding pounds like nobody's business.

"Have you been dieting?" another character brightly asks, "You're wasting away." "No," says Earnestine, surprised, "I thought my clothes were going baggy in the wash, or something." How could the poor creature know what has happened to her? Of course she's not been dieting — she's been edited.

And that's how books get produced now. Does it show? Alas, yes. For one thing the joint manufacturers overdo all the ingredients. *Wild Young Bohemians* is absurdly melodramatic, absurdly violent, absurdly over-sexed. It's also stock plot number three. There are two girls, cousins and rivals. One, tremendously good but a bit

plumptious, is Earnestine. The other, sexy as hell but born wicked, is no less pointedly named Melissa (so you know who to hiss at).

They're up at Oxford together, having a fine young time with their pals, mostly Old Etonians, in a dining club wittily called the Wild Young Bohemians. However, their merry pranks have attracted the attention of a devilishly handsome but unspeakably evil member of the underclass, called Johnny. Having anonymously shagged Melissa after catching her having a wank in the shrubbery at a Commem Ball, he dedicates his life to screwing up, not to mention simply screwing, the WYBs. It happens all the time, doesn't it?

First he seduces a nice Old Etonian WYB called Giles and involves him in a murder which he feels so bad about that he has to become a vicar. Then when Melissa has married another nice Old Etonian WYB called Will, Johnny seduces and blackmails him. After a bit of this, he tells Will: "I want to fuck your wife." And he does! Then he helps her murder her husband. What a card!

Then Melissa and Johnny are even more evil together. They look for buried treasure which they believe to be hidden somewhere in the grounds of her family house, in a *Possession*-ish sub-plot involving a good deal of Victorian verse. When they do find the "treasure" the poems refer to, it turns out to be no more than the corpse of an ancestor's beloved. "So the moral of the story was ridiculously clear," says Saunders in a moment of fatal self-criticism. "The real treasure was not money, but love." Coo!

Meanwhile Melissa and Earnestine have come to daggers drawn over Johnny. Bound to happen, really, weren't it, what with him being so magnetic and all? In the ensuing fight evil Johnny is conveniently killed and Melissa scarpers, leaving Earnestine to marry a muscular but academic Yank who's been dithering on the sidelines all this time. A happy end!

Kate Saunders not surprisingly feels a little embarrassed about putting her name to this melodramatic tosh. Unfortunately, she can't prevent herself showing it. When the poor vicar bumps into Johnny again, he faints with chagrin. Saunders can't stop herself saying "He embodied that most outmoded cliché, the swooning Victorian curate." It's as if she's pencilled a self-criticism in the margin and it's inadvertently been printed in the text.

Similarly, Earnestine's Yankee don says near the end: "I never want to see another Victorian heroine as long as I live", a sentiment Saunders herself obviously feels pretty strongly and which most readers will warmly endorse by this stage. It gets worse. As Melissa and Earnestine have their cat-fight over Johnny, Earnestine says: "Let's seal our relationship with a quarrel over a man, like some photo-story in *Jackie* magazine."

Quite, Kate, quite.

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

■ HUMBUG lovers had a great time at the absurd *Times*-Dillons debate on Writers Against The State at the Westminster Central Hall earlier this month.

It was the first time Salman Rushdie had made a scheduled public appearance — hardly of significance as Rushdie is found at any worthwhile literary party — but security was tighter than on an El Al flight.

Five years of persecution have actually made him less arrogant and more appealing than he used to be; and he spoke more sense than any of the other participants — Melvyn Bragg, Fay Weldon and Martin Amis, a triumvirate of rich celebrities who fraudulently hammed it up as counter-culture radicals with a long service of "writing against the state".

Compered by the notoriously anti-establishment editor of the hugely radical *Times*, Peter Stothard, the three bohemians canted away about the natural radicalism of writers. Bragg gave an irrelevant little lecture about the great radical Russians.

Wearing leather and almost perfectly spheroid, Weldon wittered unintelligibly as ever, mostly about Graham Greene; while Amis then complained that feminists were policing the language, he fearlessly hit out at British philistinism as personified by that hugely contemporary figure, Norman Tebbit. "To Norman Tebbit the writer is just an educated vandal, giggling at the funeral or debasing the crypt with a spraycan."

Amis also protested rather feebly that writers are oppressed by the fact that people pay more attention to their lives (read "teeth") than their work — the threat to his pal Salman's life being just another instance of inappropriate biographical interest, he hinted.

In the question and answer session just one Muslim stood up to abuse Rushdie, saying the debate was a farce: "Why has Salman Rushdie been put up as an archetypal writer against the state? What he has done is nothing to do with writing against the state, it's just obscene and offensive."

The first part of that claim, at least, was right as Rushdie knew, having in his own speech already demolished the pretext of the evening. Like Rabelais and Voltaire, he said, he has been protected by the state from religious attacks and so has found himself working with it, not against it.

But then a debate on Writers Against Muslim Religious Bigots wouldn't have served as a showcase for general liberal preening, which this charade was. An over-excited Stothard shut the Muslim up as security guards advanced on him. "I resent the notion that this debate is a farce, and I'm not going to let it become one," he said. Stothers should have started at the planning stage.

FOR SALE
APPLY WITHIN PART FIVE
I'M A SNIPCOCK AUTHOR — I JUST WANTED TO CHECK THAT IT'S BUSINESS AS USUAL?
PUB. NEWS — SNIPCOCK IN TAKEOVER SHOCK
I'M AFRAID MR SNIPCOCK'S NOT BACK FROM LUNCH YET
PHEW! NO CHANGE THEN!

□ EACH summer Ealing's liveliest publishing group Transworld provides lavish liquid entertainment at its sales conference in Scotland.

Unfortunately this year when the lights were suddenly switched on again after Larry Finlay's slide show two assistants from Glasgow shops in the front row were seen to be enjoying deep Ugandan discussions. Transworld managers have complained to the booksellers' bosses about their embarrassing behaviour.

'Bookworm'

footnotes

WHAT A LOTtery!

ONE TO QUANGO: David Sieff

THE National Lottery Charities Board was set up last summer under the chairmanship of David Sieff, a director of Marks & Spencer.

Its job was to dole out lottery millions to charities. So far it has spent £6 million lottery money on itself — and not a penny on charity.

Most of the spending has gone on salaries for the board's 101 staff, which is expected to grow to 150. The board has proposed to the home office that the chairs of the board's committees, including David Sieff, should be paid for the time they work at suitably dignified civil service rates.

Two other items of board spending queried by the *Eye* were:

● £374,000 on Berkeley Partnership, management consultants to Marks & Spencer. The board says Berkeley was appointed "after a very stringent competitive tendering exercise". It is thanks to Berkeley, the board insists, that money will start to be paid out to charity in October. "A lot of people thought it would take three years before we could pay out any money," said the spokesman.

What had Berkeley done for its money? Well, it had worked at "drawing up application forms"; "capturing the right kind of data"; "devolving the organisation so it is not London-based"; "feeding in systems whereby people representing different voluntary groups can meaningfully assess the application forms"; and "weighing certain criteria more heavily if it's to do with poverty".

● £22,000 (up to March this year) in fees to Bates Wells and Braithwaite, a City solicitors' firm whose senior partner, Andrew Phillips, is a member of the National Lottery Charities Board. The board says the firm was appointed after a full competition, in which Mr Phillips played no part, and the appointment was approved by the home office. "There is not a problem of conflict of interest," said the spokesman. "Any time legal advice is discussed by the board Mr Phillips goes out of the room." Moreover: "We are so sensitive about this that we will be appointing new solicitors and dispensing with the services of Bates, Wells and Braithwaite." Indeed, the firm had "resigned" at the beginning of August.

BARING UP

■ A CRUCIAL figure in the National Charities Lottery Board is Tessa Baring, chairwoman of its UK committee and wife of Peter Baring, the former chairman of Barings Bank, which collapsed in March owing some £800 million. Mrs Baring is a dedicated charity worker with wide experience in the field. She is for instance a trustee of Barnardos.

In the summer of 1993, she was appointed by Michael Heseltine, then president of the board of trade, as chairwoman of the charities and voluntary organisations deregulation task force, whose main aim was to free charities from old rules which hampered the free flow of the £11 billion given to charity every year in Britain.

Heseltine and his colleagues were especially irritated by the restrictions on charity investments in the stock market and other City institutions. Thanks largely to the work of the task force, whose first report was published a year ago, two reforms have already gone through parliament.

The "trustee investment (additional powers) (No 2) order 1994" extended the range of permissible investments for charities to include fixed-interest securities and equities in the European economic area, while an order this year changes the proportion of charity money which can be gambled on the stock exchange.

Under the old fuddy-duddy rules, charities could only invest half their portfolios on the stock market and in unit trusts. The other half had to be invested in government gilts and the like which, though often less lucrative, were regarded as more secure. They guaranteed a return on investments, while investments in the stock market can go up the spout. Even blue-blooded City banks, as Mrs Baring knows only too well, are not safe. At a stroke, the new order raised the permissible stock exchange/unit trust proportion to 75 per cent: a huge and invigorating boost for speculative investment of charity money — and for the stock market.

In January this year, while Mrs Baring and her task force were still working on their second report, home secretary Michael Howard appointed her a charity commissioner: one of the small group of highly responsible people who regulate all the charities in the country.

In early March, two months after her appointment, Barings went to the wall causing chaos for its charitable arm, the Baring Foundation. The *Eye* asked if there had been any complaint to or investigation by the charity commissioners (including Tessa Baring) into the Baring Foundation following the collapse of Barings Bank.

The commission replied: "No. The foundation contacted the commission immediately it became clear Barings Bank was in trouble. Contact was maintained throughout the crisis in order to assist the charity to continue its work, albeit, given the loss of funds which it had suffered through no fault of its own, at a reduced level." This rescue operation was conducted by the commissioners, who included the wife of the chairman of the bank whose collapse had caused the disaster in the first place.

The *Eye* then asked if there had been any investigation into the Mental Health Foundation, a charity of which commissioner Tessa Baring is a trustee. The commission replied: "In February 1994 concern was expressed about the foundation's relationship with its trading subsidiary Golden Opportunity Shops Ltd. An investigation was opened to establish whether and to what extent the charity's funds may have been at risk." The investigation continues. The commission points out that it relates to "decisions made by the trustees in the mid-1980s, before Mrs Baring became a trustee".

The *Eye* asked if there had been "any difficulty with conflict of interest" between Tessa Baring, charity commissioner, and Tessa Baring, trustee of a charity under investigation by the commission, and Tessa Baring, wife of the chairman of a bank whose collapse had caused severe problems in a charity she was regulating. The commission replied: "No conflict. On the contrary, Mrs Baring's wide experience of the voluntary sector is proving a valuable asset to the commission. It does not fall to Mrs Baring as a commissioner to deal with individual charities on an operational level. If potential conflicts of interest were to arise between her responsibilities as a commissioner and her involvement in the charitable sector, that would be taken into account and if necessary she would withdraw from discussion and decision."

CHARITIES' SHIELD: Tessa Baring

THE THINGS THEY SAY

"During over 30 years of civil and commercial nuclear power operations in the UK, there has never been aN emergency putting the public at risk."

Dr Robert Hawley, chief executive of Nuclear Electric, speaking at an Opportunity 2000 conference in London on 8 September.

Three days later his company was in court for scandalous, greedy and dangerous bungling at its Wylfa nuclear power station for which Nuclear Electric was fined £250,000.
No doubt Mr Hawley, who stands to make a fortune from the privatisation of Nuclear Electric, also forgot about the Windscale fire in 1957, which put at least 20 members of the public at risk in the sense that it, er, killed them.

ADT Alarms Don't Teach

WHO exactly is Richard Painter, whom Gillian Shepherd has chosen to lead her first "Educational Association" — a new kind of Tory quango to run schools, in this case London's Hackney Downs School?

He is "chief executive" of ADT Education Trust, which runs ADT College in Wandsworth, south London.

The college is named after ADT, which is based for tax reasons in Bermuda, and whose founder Michael Ashcroft (for tax reasons) is a resident of Florida and a diplomatic representative of Belize in Central America, where he is the richest businessman.

BEYOND BELIZE: Michael Ashcroft

ADT has been heavily criticised in the *Eye* and other papers. The *Observer* for instance (9 June 1991) said the firm "regularly flouts the norms of accepted corporate behaviour".

So why is its name used for a state school? Because ADT made a £2 million donation to the capital costs of the school when it was founded; and because Michael Ashcroft has always been a strong supporter of the Conservative party and the Thatcher family.

Mr Painter, a former council chief executive at Tendring, Essex, and Rochester, Kent, is employed by ADT, who pays his salary. When in September last year four Tory MPs took a freebie to the Caribbean at the expense of an Ashcroft company to meet the great man in Belize, they were accompanied by Mr Painter. Painter's office at the ADT College is used as a base for other ADT enterprises in Britain, such as Industry for Education and Crimestoppers.

ADT College is also lucky enough to be protected by an ADT security system — as are 17 other schools in Wandsworth. And ADT has just won a lucrative contract, starting on 1 November, to maintain all alarm systems in all Wandsworth schools. Mr Painter's ADT salary is now being supplemented by the taxpayer. He and all the members of his special team will be paid for their work in Hackney on one of the higher bands of civil service pay.

He is shy. On 31 August, after several futile attempts to speak to him, the *Eye* sent him a fax with some mild questions, such as:

- ADT is a company which specialises in security systems and car auctions, and has been the subject of considerable controversy over the years because it has been based in tax havens. Do you think a school funded by the state should be named after such a company?
- ADT and its founder Michael Ashcroft are closely connected to the Conservative party. Do you feel at all inhibited or embarrassed by this in your work at Hackney Downs?

Eighteen days and two reminders later, no reply.

ALL TIED UP IN NOTTS

■ THE take over of Courage by Scottish and Newcastle Breweries, announced earlier this year, was in the clearest possible breach of anti-monopoly laws.

The 1989 report on beer by the Monopolies Commission warned against "the loss of independence of one of the major suppliers of the market". The new "Scottish Courage", if allowed, would control about 30 per cent of the entire British market in beer.

Naturally, therefore, the director-general of fair trading announced at once that the bid would be referred to the Monopolies Commission, where it was expected to receive short shrift. But there was a problem. Every year since that commission report in 1989, Scottish and Newcastle have poured at least £50,000 into the coffers of the Conservative party.

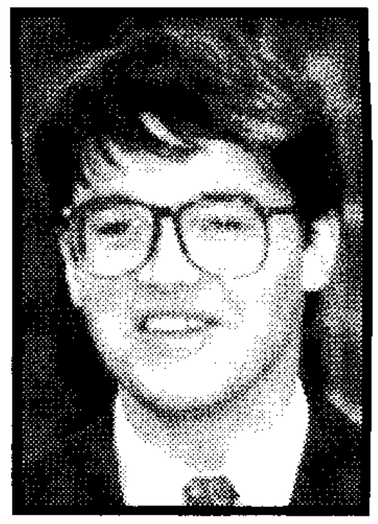
As the size and reliability of these donations sank into ministers' heads so their enthusiasm for the director-general's recommendation waned. Last month the wimpish competition and consumer affairs minister Jonathan Evans meekly agreed not to refer the bid to the commission in exchange for "undertakings" by the brewer to sell off a few tied pubs.

Delighted, Scottish Courage immediately announced a "review" of all existing assets. The announcement caused dismay among real ale enthusiasts. They feared that local brewers would be closed down and the pubs entirely swamped by tasteless and gassy lagers.

In Nottingham there was widespread fear for Scottish and Newcastle's Home Brewery, which brews a popular local ale. A "save our brewery" campaign was set up, supported by the city council. Local MPs were asked to join. Chancellor Kenneth Clarke, MP for Rushcliffe, replied in friendly terms. Less enthusiastic was social security minister Andrew Mitchell, in whose Gedling constituency is the brewery. Mitchell publicly rebuked council leader Graham Chapman for interfering in matters he did not understand.

Hardly was the rebuke out of his mouth than the *Nottingham Evening Post* (and later the *Guardian*) published on the front page a copy of a Scottish and Newcastle Breweries cheque for £5,000, half of which was to go direct to the Gedling Conservative party. The cheque was sent in July 1993 by Robin Alexander, managing director of Scottish and Newcastle subsidiary Youngers, to Andrew Mitchell MP. In this year's register of interests, Mr Mitchell declares "periodic contributions to my constituency party" from Youngers.

The *Evening Post* suggested a "possible conflict of interest". A front page story on 9 September quoted



ANDREW MITCHELL MP

council leader Chapman asking: "Whose side are you batting on, Andrew Mitchell?"

Mr Mitchell, who has a long association with journalists through his ownership of El Vinos wine bar in London's Fleet Street, responded through his solicitor, John Bates of Hopkin and Sons of Mansfield as follows: "It is clear from the article in the *Post* that you are alleging that payments by Scottish and Newcastle Brewery to Mr Mitchell's Conservative Association have caused him not to fight any planned closure of the Home Brewery. This allegation is untrue and libellous. If it is repeated we will advise our client to commence proceedings against you in defamation. He will use our London agents for this purpose, Peter Carter-Ruck and Partners."

HAWKE MISSILE

■ Did the Australian ministers who cautiously criticised the French nuclear tests remember the sensational performance of the former Labour prime minister Bob Hawke?

In 1986 the Australian Labour party conference passed a resolution "reaffirming our opposition to the sale of uranium, the principal ingredient of nuclear weapons, to France while the French continue to test nuclear weapons in the Pacific".

Determined to press ahead with the highly lucrative sale of Australian uranium to France, Hawke ordered future consignments for France to be relabelled to make them look as though they came from somewhere else.

This was revealed in secret Euratom documents published in the *Sydney Morning Herald* on 16 April 1988. Exposed, Hawke dropped the disguise and promptly flogged A$66 million worth of government-held uranium stock to France. He assured anyone who would listen that the French "can be trusted to use the uranium for peaceful purposes".

A Bridgeman Too Near

■ THE department of trade and industry reacted decisively to news that Alcan, one of the country's biggest aluminium companies, had lost a crucial tribunal case brought by 80 workers.

JOHN BRIDGEMAN, DGFT

Alcan had ordered workers at its Banbury factory to change from five-day to seven-day shifts — an order which, the tribunal decided, amounted to unfair dismissal. Almost at once, on 23 August, the DTI proudly announced the appointment of John Bridgeman, Alcan's managing director, as director-general of the Office of Fair Trading (OFT), the government's top regulator.

One of the director's main jobs is curbing monopolies. In recent months ministers have become alarmed at what they regard as the excessive zeal of the OFT in criticising and even prosecuting some of the government's favourites firms — like Stagecoach and Ready Mixed Concrete — for unfair trading.

Sir Bryan Carsberg, the former DG, left in May. At once Michael Heseltine tried to persuade John Bridgeman to take up the post. The new first secretary greatly admires Mr Bridgeman's commitment to free enterprise, and strongly urged him to accept the new post. After some hesitation he agreed, and was appointed by Heseltine's successor Ian Lang.

The DTI confirmed to the *Eye* that Mr Bridgeman is a neighbour of Michael Heseltine in north Oxfordshire. Asked if the two men were also close friends, the DTI spokesman said: "We cannot comment on that."

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 0171 287 3183

In the City

"My lawyers will tell you that I have trouble paying their legal bill, so I haven't got any money stashed anywhere."

SO THERE you have it and there it is. The frank testimony of that George Washington of traders, Nick Leeson — who used to answer his Singapore telephone with the Wall Street-style greeting: "This is Nick with the big swinging dick" (Nick Dickhead might have been more appropriate) — in his cosy TV tete-a-tete with Sir David Frost.

Unlike the once great inquisitor, those who have probed the affairs of the man who broke Barings are not convinced. There are hints of possible foreign bank accounts to which Leeson may have access disguised through a chain of overseas companies.

Those probing the Barings crash are also intrigued by Leeson's ability to keep in play legal teams in both London and Frankfurt, and soon possibly Singapore. As expected, this was not an area probed by Frost.

The Kingsley Napley line is that Leeson's hype-active lawyer Stephen Pollard ("We are not worried about the legal fees at the moment") is running the case as a loss leader aiming short term to recoup on the acres of advertising provided by the intense international media exposure and long term to collect either from legal aid if his client makes it to London (unlikely) or from the millions Leeson aims to collect for selling his story in book and film. That game plan will now have to deal with claims against Leeson from the Barings administrator Ernst & Young, which is unlikely to sit by while Leeson cashes in. Neither are the Barings bondholders.

But what about Leeson's German lawyer Eberhard Kempf: who is paying him and is he playing the same generous long game? This seems hardly likely, unless he receives similar local coverage, although he is crucial to the extradition case which will decide whether Leeson heads east to a Changi cell.

After six months on the case it is unlikely the bill in Germany (given court hearings, preparation and translating 1,000 pages of Singapore documents) is less than £50,000 and maybe nearer £100,000. Appeals could take the case into 1996, says Pollard, whose own bill must be approaching six figures.

So how is this being paid? Is Kingsley Napley paying Kempf as part of its speculation on a Leeson bonanza? It is suggested that Kempf is in fact paid via another German lawyer outside Frankfurt. There are also rumours that substantial payments may have been made from seemingly unconnected bank accounts. Sadly this seems a matter neither Leeson or his lawyers are eager to explain. But then that might detract from the story he and they are so keen to push in a bid for sympathy and a UK jail.

The Frost interview lived down to expectations. Apart from revealing the banality of banking, it showed a well rehearsed "Liesome" whom Frost was either unwilling or unprepared to expose as he rewrote Singapore history.

"Liesome" was allowed to present his first use of the all-important "88888" account — through which he hid losses of £550 million (not the £325 million Frost put to him and he eagerly owned up to) made before he fled — as an act of charity, saving the job of an inexperienced temporary woman colleague who had done the wrong trade. His continued utilisation of "88888" was put down to "trading errors", mostly committed by his colleagues who "would look to me to take some of their errors" and to whom he showed "blind loyalty".

The truth is that "Liesome" was boosting trading profits and thereby his and everyone above him's bonuses by hiding ever increasing losses in "88888" which he used for a blizzard of unauthorised trades. It was these losses, mounting year after year from £2 million in 1992, which finally blew him and Barings away. Nothing to do with "errors" by "all the traders on the trading floor". Not that Frost exposed the spin.

By hiding losses and only showing profits "Liesome" was able to claim bonuses of £36,000 for 1992, £130,000 for 1993 and an unpaid £450,000 for 1994. So much for: "I didn't steal any money".

Explaining the opening of "88888", "Liesomemore" claimed: "London office was concerned that they did not want too many errors booked through a London account because of the attraction that it might draw." No explanation, however, of why from July 1992 "88888" was excluded from reports on Singapore trading sent to London at his specific instructions.

"If anybody wanted to come and look at the books and records you would see it ['88888'] every single day. It wasn't as if I was miraculously hiding it," declared "Liesome". Many in Singapore did indeed know about the "88888" trades. But anyone who asked was given credible explanations about other profitable matching deals for the necessary adjustments which rolled over the hidden losses. The culture of the Singaporean staff was not to question their British boss, Barings' very own local "big swinging dick". That way "Liesome" kept his staff quiet. And Barings Securities executives in Singapore (James Bax and Simon Jones) washed their hands of Leeson once London ignored their warnings, preferring his profits.

For the auditors "Liesome" simply created documents which cancelled out any loss. The clear evidence of premeditated criminality, not charity and loyalty, is not just the instructions to the software programmer to omit "88888" but the forging of a document claiming to show that £2 million was owed to "88888" from another Barings account in October 1992 thereby cancelling out the first year's hidden loss on the account. "Liesome" carried on with the deception as long as he felt he could get away with it. And he could and did because, in what is a true statement about his Barings bosses: "They did not want to believe and therefore they weren't willing to question."

"You know how it is – once you start downsizing, it's hard to know when to stop"

But that is far from a reason to grant the "Liesome" wish to be allowed to go to a convenient prison of his choosing at the British taxpayer's expense.

WHAT is happening in the business affairs of one-time junior minister turned instant serial company director Richard Needham?

Just weeks after he resigned as trade minister in July, Needham began liquidating his RGM Originals greeting cards business, established in 1967, despite expectations of "further growth" disclosed as recently as April. These confident noises followed a boost in turnover to £1.3 million and profits to £161,000 in the year to December 1994.

Instead of waiting, on 9 August RGM Originals and its packaging design subsidiary RGM Limited were put into voluntary members' liquidation. The biggest member is Richard Needham, who holds 2,185 or 40 percent of the 5,500 RGM shares.

However, two days before that vote there was another vote. This time to change the names of the companies. RGM Originals became Misty Dew, and RGM Limited became Tropical Haze! The liquidator for both companies is an accountant from the teeming accountancy centre of, er, Shepton Mallet.

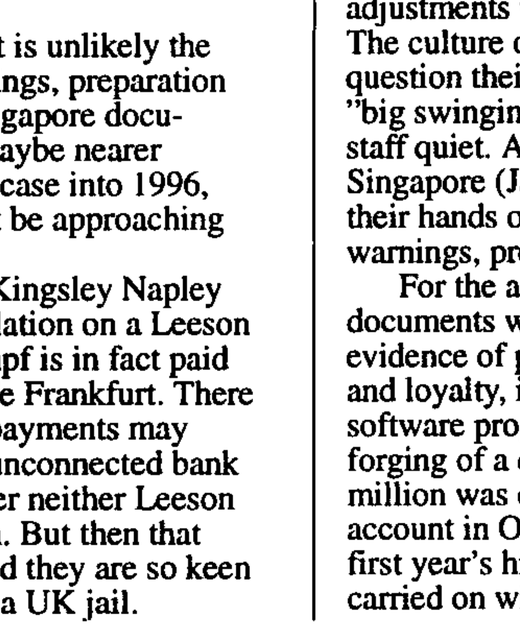
A cynic could suggest this might be to avoid the inquisitive spotting that a former minister's businesses had been wound up. Such speculation is no doubt as malicious as it is wrong.

Why, then, liquidate the companies? Certainly not because of any financial problems. The statement of affairs for the parent company shows assets of £1.3 million, debts of £460,000 and a surplus of £849,000 — mostly comprised of properties in Yeovil and High Wycombe which cost £493,000 and are valued at £730,000.

Perhaps the usually loquacious Needham would like to explain? Doubtless it is nothing to do with the bounty expected to rain on him from his directorships at GEC etc?

'Slicker'

A PRIVATE EYE



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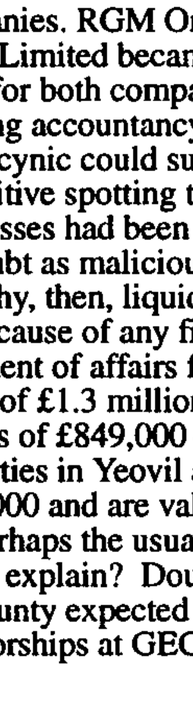

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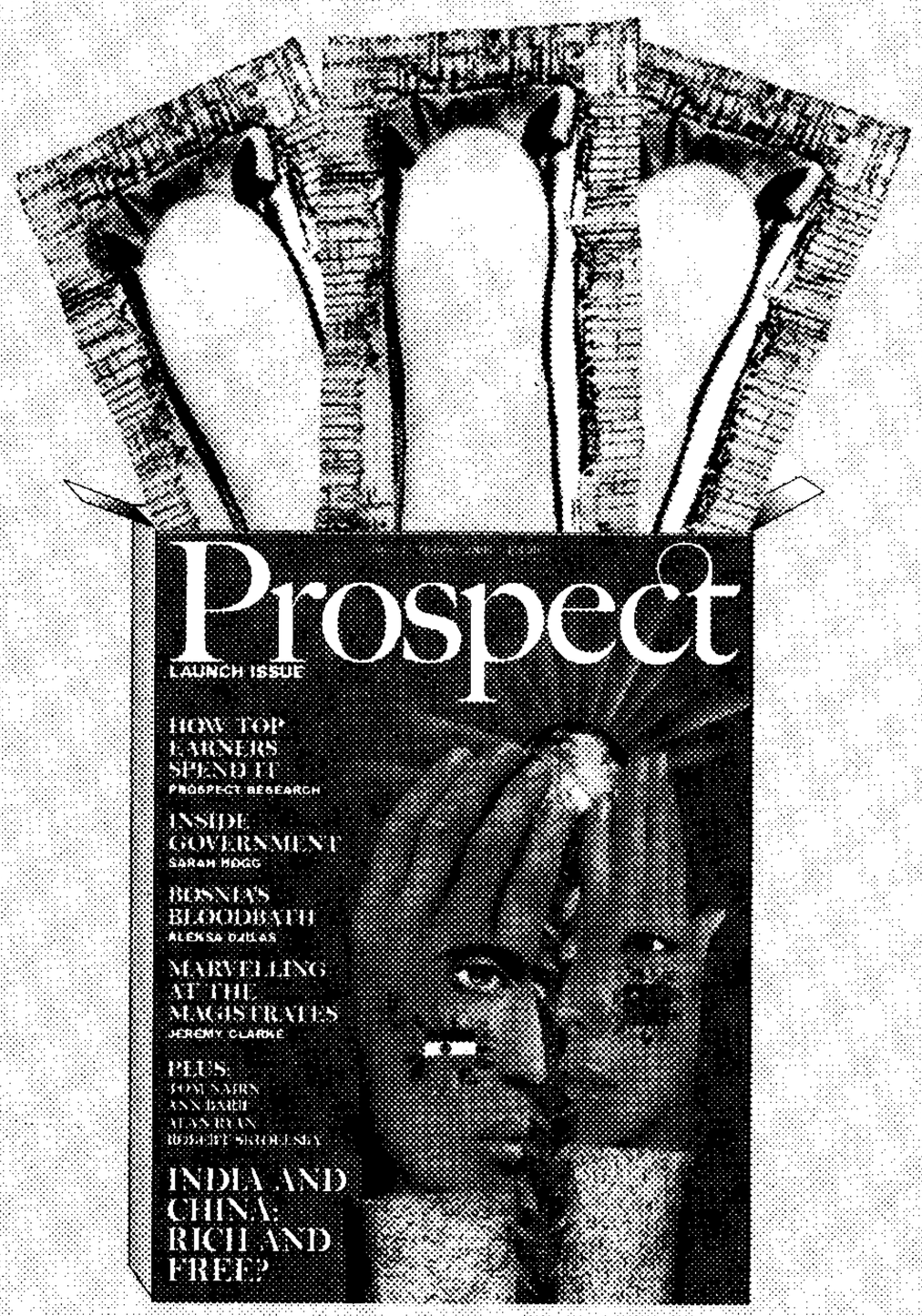

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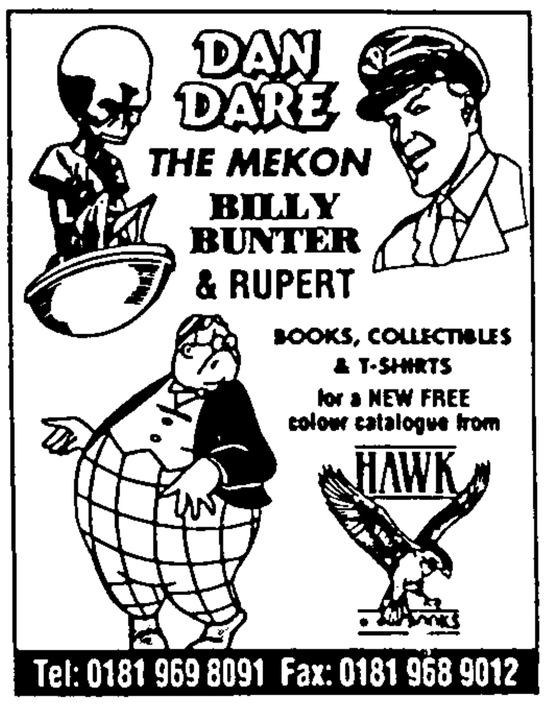

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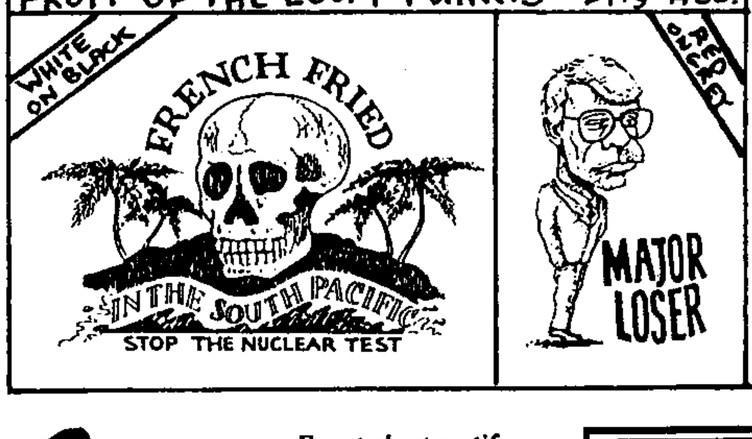

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Evening Standard

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TWO ARMY PILOTS "Bored in Bosnia". Both officers. Welcome correspondence with a view to future manoeuvres. Photos appreciated. Box 4680.

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HAPPY, SUCCESSFUL, emotionally bereft man, 47, not unattractive, wltm delightful, uncomplicated, sincere, discreet woman for mutually fulfilling times. All letters answered (photo?). Box 1781.

"MRS ROBINSON" — are you out there? Postgraduate male, 25, seeks adventurous older lady for occasional discreet liaisons. Midlands/anywhere. Box 1881.

ENGLISHMAN, tall, slim, fairhaired, blue-eyed, 40s, company director, seeks naughty but elegant lady. Could be bored housewife. Fancy a drink? Photo please. Box 1981.

ATTRACTIVE GRADUATE male, 24, seeks n/s woman in uniform (18-30). London/Surrey. ALA. Box 2081.

SEXIST SCROAT, 41, seeks compliant femail for occasional liaisons. Well preserved, brain optional. South-East. Box 2181.

CHESTER/N. WALES teacher, 42, seeks sincere gentle lady companion for walks, music, theatre, travel, sport, whatever. Box 2281.

CARING MERSEYSIDE MALE, 46, married, seeks lady, age unimportant, for discreet daytime liaison. Box 2381.

JAPANESE GIRL, 22, seeks guy with sense of humour, any age. Box 2481.

SENSITIVE, SARCASTIC, greenish, deep-thinking male (30) seeks independent-minded, artistic/scientific, warm, wise woman, soh, for mountaintop cuddles, affectionate arguments, friendship/romance. Hampshire. Box 2581.

ECCENTRIC MALE, 24, seeks eccentric female, any age. South/anywhere. Box 2681.

BENTLEY DRIVER, 38 seeks Mrs Peel for lunching and afternoon delight. 50 miles radius Ascot. Box 3181.

GENTLEMAN, company director, no strings. All the usual toys. Has need of good woman. You: 32¼-42½, petite, Manchesterish. Me: As foregoing specification. Will expand as required. Box 1281.

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HAPPY-GO-LUCKY country lady, with passion for music, WLTM cultured gent, London/Midlands. Box 1481.

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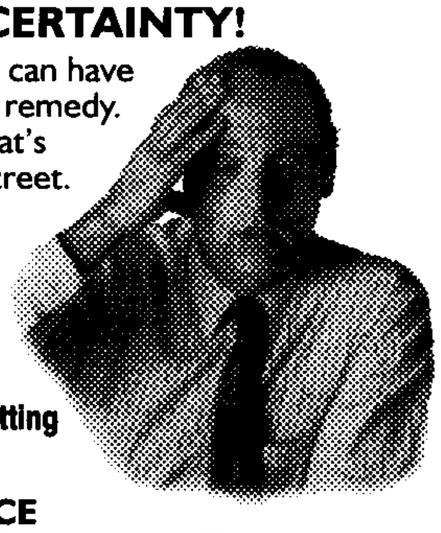

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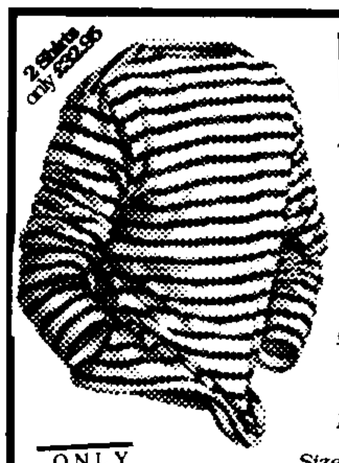

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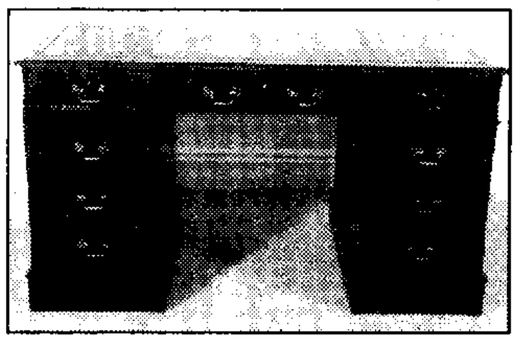

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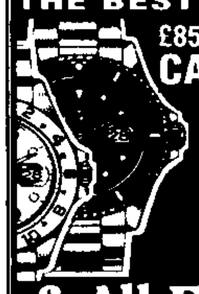

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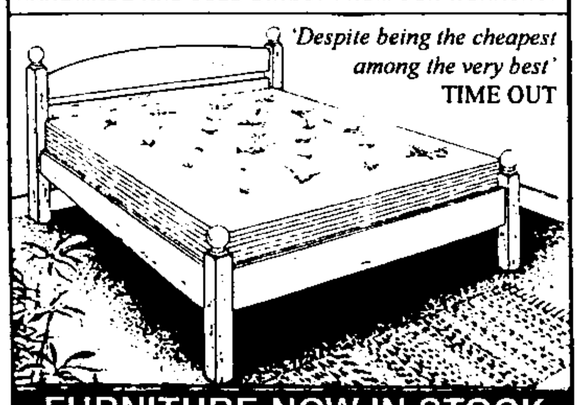

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Please complete in block capitals

1. Mr ❒ Mrs ❒ Ms ❒

Surname:_____

First Name:_____

Address:_____

_____

_____ Post Code:_____

Tel No._____

I am seriously interested in meeting someone through Dateline.

2. Personal Information

Marital Status: Single ❒ Divorced ❒

Widowed ❒ Separated ❒

Religion:_____

Age:_____

Place of Birth:_____

Do you have children of your own?

Yes ❒ No ❒

If yes, how many live with you?_____

3. Your personal details

Height:_____

Build: slight ❒ medium ❒ large ❒

Hair colour:_____

Dress/Looks: casual ❒ fashionable ❒ elegant ❒ sporty ❒

4. Your work

Present job:_____

Self-employed ❒ employed ❒

civil servant ❒ manual worker ❒

part-time ❒ not working ❒

unemployed ❒ in-training ❒

Schooling

O levels / GCSE's ❒ A levels ❒

Further Education ❒ Polytechnic ❒

University ❒ Business School ❒

Other:_____

5. Your Personality

❒ Warmhearted	❒ Fashionable
❒ Serious	❒ Practical
❒ Considerate	❒ Conventional
❒ Shy	❒ Reliable
❒ Romantic	❒ Adventurous

6. How would people who know you best describe you?

❒ always ready for a joke
❒ somewhat dreamy
❒ never has problems
❒ takes life a bit too seriously
❒ not easily upset
❒ always active
❒ chatty

7. Your interests

❒ Wining/Dining	❒ Jazz/Folk music
❒ Pubs	❒ Classical music
❒ Sports/Keep fit	❒ Theatre/Arts
❒ Politics/History	❒ Watching TV
❒ Reading	❒ Smoking
❒ Travelling	❒ Drinking
❒ Science/Tech	❒ Children
❒ Cinema	❒ Homemaking
❒ Pets/Animals	❒ Gardening
❒ Pop music	❒ Countryside

8. Details of the partner you would like:

Minimum age:____ Maximum age:_____

Height: min._____ max._____ Don't mind ❒

Children?

Yes, at home ❒ Yes, living elsewhere ❒

None ❒

Marital status: Single ❒ Divorced ❒

Widowed ❒ Separated ❒

Don't mind ❒

9. Which of the three pictures do you prefer? (tick the box)

Dept. PE45

Please answer the questions above, cut out this page and send it to us at Dateline 23 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AL *or call us now on 071 938 1011*

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